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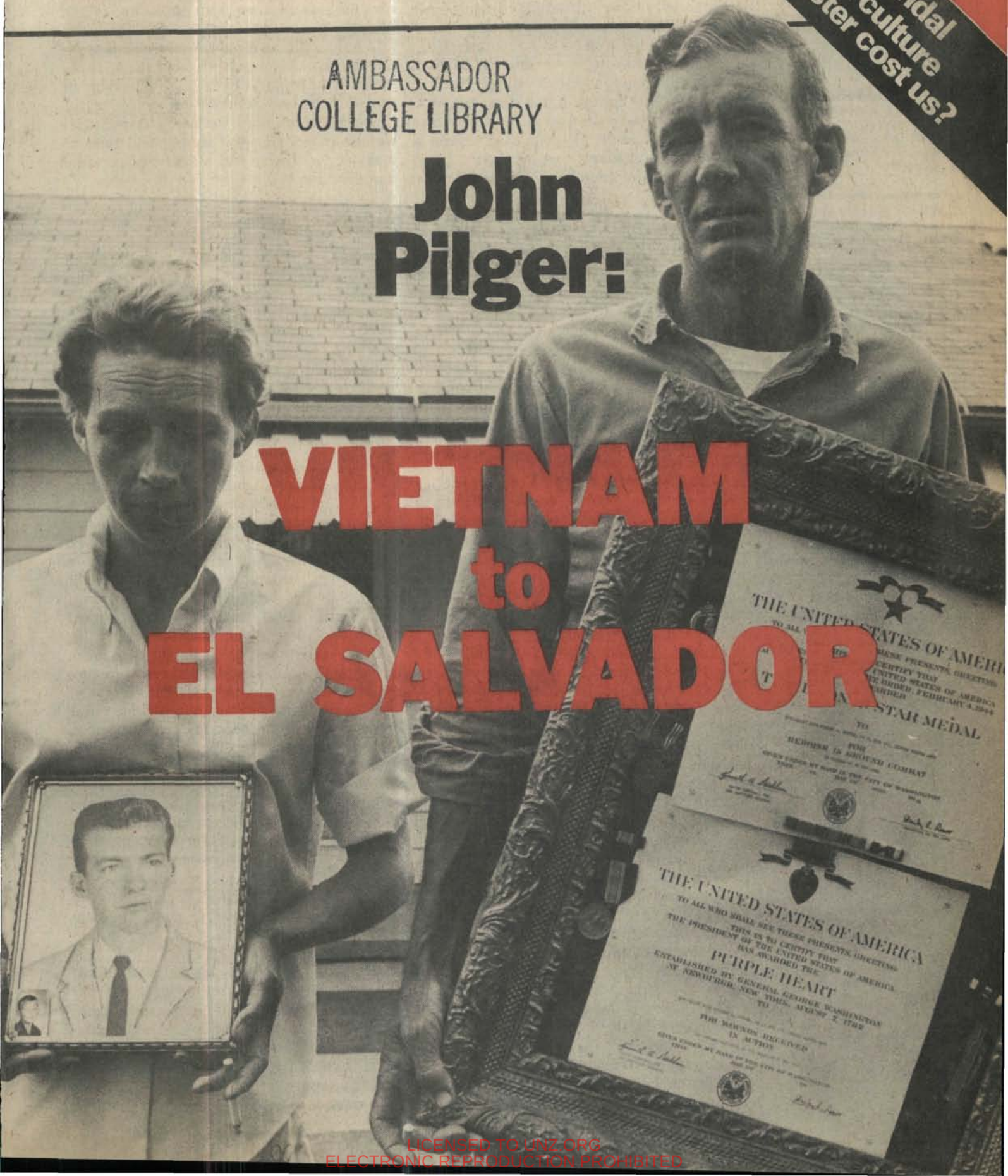
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London's
secret road plans:
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How much does Ulster cost us?

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John
Pilger:

VIETNAM to EL SALVADOR





Cover photo: Matt Herron

From Vietnam to El Salvador

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Sex and 'respectability'

IF THE LAWS and customs governing commercial sex were such as to produce an environment within which a single woman could destroy 13 men before being caught — why then we would see an outcry indeed. There have been plenty of male criminals like enough to Sutcliffe. He is unusual merely because an exceptional degree of police incompetence allowed him an unusually long career.

But there have been no female Rippers.

'Some were prostitutes', said Sir Michael Havers of Sutcliffe's victims. 'But perhaps the saddest part of this case is that some were not. The last six attacks were on totally respectable women.' The point, as we've said before, is that Sutcliffe attacked *women*. Having learnt boldness — and something which one must

presumably call technique — by attacking women whose situation made them exceptionally vulnerable, he moved into other fields.

All sorts of arguments — sociological, psychological, theological — can be mounted about the causes that produce individuals like Peter Sutcliffe. But we cannot hope, at present, to prevent them from appearing among us.

What we can do is improve the means available for protecting women against them. Those means must begin with the de-criminalising of prostitution, and with the relegation of Sir Michael's distinction between 'respectable' women and others — if anyone still cares to make it — to the area of strictly personal morality. □

Mrs Thatcher's navy blues

AT LAST, Mrs Thatcher, of her own volition, has done something right. She has fired Keith Speed, the Navy Minister. But she has, characteristically, done it for the wrong reason: telling the public something about what's going on (disloyalty, in the Code of Downing Street). He should have been fired ages ago, for having failed to do his job properly, and for having failed, like almost every other Navy Minister, to make the admirals shake up their brass-bound brains.

The Royal Navy costs us about £2.5 billion a year, and what we get for the price is nothing like worthwhile. Two world wars (if nothing else) ought to have shown us that admirals, left unchecked, will always demonstrate an obsession with over-complicated, over-expensive and monumental items of naval architecture — together with practical contempt for the cheap and unglamorous vessels which are actually needed in a military crisis.

Today's RN consists of a costly and highly vulnerable surface battle-fleet, designed (if that's the word) to perish nobly in a North Atlantic *Götterdammerung* which, practically speaking, couldn't take place until after the incineration of the majority of the British population. This has been supported at the cost of having: comically unsuitable ships for fishery and offshore protection; a mine-counter-measures force which couldn't hope to keep our harbours clear from a Soviet mining operation (something which the USSR might just be able to threaten, one day, without having to cross the nuclear threshold); a complete lack of transport facilities for troops and equipment; and an absence of any ships suitable for action in the North Sea and the narrow waters. This is fairly serious for an island society with a trade-pattern that remains 95 per cent maritime.

But the row is not between a prudent Premier and spendthrift admirals. The present crisis is caused by Mrs Thatcher's blind love-affair with the Trident nuclear deterrent. The cost of this has swollen from £5 billion to £6 billion in the few months since Parliament was

press-ganged into accepting it (and only a fool would believe that £6 billion is the true bill). The nation cannot possibly pay for the follies of the admirals and the follies of Mrs Thatcher. And if hers are victorious, then Britain will be left with an even more unbalanced navy: capable, perhaps, of initiating Armageddon, but unable to respond to an oil rig hijacking.

It's possible to see why a politician of her unwinking fanaticism should find the Deterrent so lovable, cost what it may. It is highly centralised organisationally: she can brandish it, metaphorically, from the personal security of a Maggiebunker. It guarantees Britain a place at the international 'top table', when few other aspects of national performance can be expected to do so. And above all, it is *simple*: it avoids the intolerable burden of thought devoted to discovering what is Britain's real place in the world, and what sort of armed forces are actually required to support it.

The fact that the Tory leadership has fallen out with the defence establishment provides the left with an unprecedented opportunity. At last, the silent and gentlemanly consensus over decision-making has been cracked open; now, there is little chance that the Tories could enter an election with any defence policy capable of withstanding a moment's inspection.

But if that opportunity is to be realised, the left will have to do some hard and honest thinking of its own. No speaker ever gets into trouble with a Labour audience for pointing out, as it's true, that defence spending is far too high. It's not so popular to go on and try to spell out how many ships, guns, fighting-vehicles and military aircraft the country should have — and what role they should have in defending our liberties, against what sort of opponents. Electorally, the collapse of Tory policy will mean nothing if Labour still appears as an unconsidered, almost fortuitous alliance-of-convenience between pacifists, nuclear unilateralists and slightly lukewarm supporters of NATO orthodoxy. □

NEXT WEEK: The sinking of the Royal Navy.

Christian Wolmar looks behind the brass-band evangelism of the Salvation Army

For God's sake pay

THE SALVATION ARMY, Britain's richest charity, has capital assets of at least £48 million, which puts it way ahead of even Dr Barnardo's or the Spastics' Society. It has stock market investments of at least £20 million, and short-term deposits of £8 million. Its annual fund-raising drive this year brought in £1,724,000. Yet, its hostels — 42 in all — are scandalously ill-equipped, offer little or no support to residents, and are run with the aim of being self-financing, mainly out of payments from the residents themselves. These facts come to light in an ATV documentary to be shown next Tuesday, 26 May. It is the culmination of a year's research by co-producers Claudia Milne and David Jones, and threatens to destroy the Army's hitherto untarnished image, which is fostered annually by a PR budget of some £350,000.

Milne and Jones have discovered that men who can't afford to pay are regularly turned away from Army hostels, even when there are empty beds. This is in spite of a directive, sent to all hostels from headquarters, that nobody be turned away for lack of funds. David was accepted free at only four of the 27 hostels to which he presented himself with £1 in his pocket (bed and breakfast cost between £1.80 and £3). At Great Peter Street, Westminster, he was even threatened with the police.

It was also discovered that the clothes and food donated to hostels are being sold to residents. Commissioner Anna Hannevik, head of the Army's social services, says that a donation of fish to one hostel was sold to the men because otherwise 'those who weren't in might have felt hard done by'.

The Great Peter Street hostel (376 beds) has four showers and one bath whose condition would, as David Jones put it, 'deter all but the most determined bath-taker'. Bed-wetters are fined in at least one hostel, despite instructions from head office not to do this. An ex-army officer quotes a fine of £3 being regularly imposed in one hostel. Religious services, supposed to be voluntary, are imposed on residents. At a Manchester hostel, those who miss the 10 am service are told to leave the premises for the rest of the day.

There are few amenities in most hostels and even in newer hostels where recreational facilities are occasionally provided, residents are often denied access to them. In the past the Army has thrown out residents of its hostels who have complained about the system.

Staff/resident ratios make it impossible to provide social services for the residents, many of whom are former mental patients or old age pensioners. For example, the Middlesex Street (Whitechapel) hostel only has three trained staff



Pennies from Heaven

for 250 residents. Ancillary staff, all drawn from hostel clients, are paid, in addition to full board, from £23.50 a week for a toilet attendant to £25.55 for a housekeeper. Commissioner Hannevik said: 'We are, if anything, over-paying them. They are inadequate and we are helping to rehabilitate them by giving them work.' In many hostels, men work a 'voluntary' 40 hour week for £4 to enable them to continue claiming social security. All staff can be dismissed for drinking, smoking or practising homosexuality on the premises.

The Army's response to many of these criticisms is that it is too poor to do anything about them.

Very little of the money donated by the public finds its way into the hostels. Cash collected by Army bands at street concerts pays for the upkeep of instruments. Any funds remaining are used by the corps (of which there are 1,000) to pay their

expenses and, occasionally, for local charitable purposes. Over the last five years, only 14 pence in every pound raised in the annual public collection has gone to the Army's social services department, which runs the hostels. Of the rest, 7p is for fund raising expenses, 12p goes overseas and 67p is spent on 'evangelical' work, which includes running the massive headquarters near St Paul's Cathedral, where more than 300 people work.

In February, the Army launched a joint PR initiative with the Church Army, *Out in the Cold*, which aimed to obtain government finance through the Housing Corporation. For London alone it wants £20 million to replace hostels over the next ten years. But it is already under attack from CHAR, the Campaign for the Single Homeless, for building new hostels which are too large. Says Paddy Coulter of CHAR: 'Any hostel which has more than 30 beds becomes an institution geared more to the needs of the people administering it than to those of the people who live there.' Since 1970, the Army has opened 11 new hostels, providing an average of 150 beds each. Now it says that, apart from those already in the pipeline, it will not build any more hostels with more than 80 beds.

The government has shown some interest in replacing large hostels with more suitable housing and has earmarked £12 million of Housing Corporation money for 'supportive and caring accommodation'. Reverend David Moore, chairman of CHAR, says the Salvation Army and the Church Army are attempting to corner resources earmarked for numerous small housing associations: their philosophies 'fly in the face of all contemporary thought and practice about the housing needs of single homeless people.'

According to the ATV documentary, the Army is hidebound by its evangelical motives. These are well expressed in its publicity: 'Salvationists will use every medical and psychological remedy to help alcoholics but remedy Number One is always commitment to Jesus Christ.'

Minister complacent on race issues, reports Mike Phillips

Thumbs down for Hattersley

ROY HATTERLSEY smiles a lot, and the smile was much in evidence when he addressed last weekend's meeting of the Labour Party Race Action Group.

The group formed about three years ago. Paid-up members consist of about forty constituency Labour Parties, one union, and some fifty individual members, who include a sprinkling of councillors (many of them black or Asian) and a few MPs from inner city areas. In the last year the LPRAG has been taking a higher



Hattersley: too complacent?

profile, and although the size and nature of the membership still reflect how low down on the list of Labour Party priorities the subject remains, the group is gearing itself up to build on the newly-increasing concern about racial equality.

That must have been the point of Roy Hattersley's presence at the meeting last weekend. As Shadow

Contd on p.4 ►

Patrick Wintour on an incomes policy hint from TUC

Comeback for Len's 'gorilla'?

INCOMES POLICY, or what Len Murray describes as 'the Labour movement's nine-foot gorilla', is creeping back on to the TUC's agenda. Masked references appear in a paper discussed on Monday by the TUC-Labour Party Liaison Committee. The paper is a draft of a joint statement, *Towards a National Understanding for Economic and Social Progress*, to be unveiled shortly as the Labour movement's agreed alternative to Thatcherism.

The paper calls for a familiar package to expand the economy, but warns: 'Early in the life of the next Labour Government... serious problems will emerge in the absence of a jointly agreed policy on inflation.' Reasons given for inflationary pressures include: a government-managed depreciation of sterling, 'companies seeking to take advantage of an expanding market to rebuild their profits', and a rise in demand for particular labour skills. Some of these costs would have to be passed on in higher prices, 'unless we are prepared to squeeze profits almost out of existence — with obvious dangers to investment.'

A new Price Commission is deemed 'necessary', but the paper frankly admits that 'previous experience has shown that price controls on their own are powerless to contain inflation.' What the Liaison Committee wants is 'a National Economic Assessment of the prospects for growth embracing such issues as the share of national income going to profits, to earnings from employment, to rents, to social benefits and to other incomes. It also has to take a view on the movement in costs and prices which is conducive to sustainable expansion.'

One major item of cost is obviously labour. In a key passage the TUC says it will give 'advice to negotiators to secure the maximum efficiency in the containment of unit costs' and 'to have regard to the impact of settlements on price and competitiveness.' How this 'advice' will be enforced, if at all, remains unresolved.

The paper does not go into any detail on what the appropriate place of profit will be, or its role in the allocation of resources and investment. It merely refers to a reinforced National Enterprise Board. By contrast, a recent Labour Party policy statement on expansion of the economy specifically said: 'We will establish a publicly owned stake in each important sector of industry.'

The TUC and Labour Party are now looking in more detail at the issues of industrial democracy, planning, and increased government lending, facilitated by controls on the financial institutions. □

Study group finds that all the options point in one direction. Patrick Wintour reports

Labour to campaign for Irish unity

THE LABOUR PARTY's study group on Northern Ireland is close to suggesting that the Labour Party should campaign for the unification of Ireland. If this policy is accepted by the party at its conference this October, it will signal the end of years of bipartisan policy on Ireland at Westminster. Currently three objectives are before the Study Group: the next Labour government should either continue with direct rule, making improvements where possible; seek to establish a devolved power-sharing administration; or initiate negotiations leading to the unification of Ireland. The group has rejected several options, including a majority-rule devolved government, confederation of the British Isles and Ulster independence.

At the meeting of the study group on Tuesday this week, a majority suggested that the three options — direct rule, power sharing and unification — should not be mutually exclusive but should be seen as progressive steps to unification. Two former Northern Ireland Ministers, Merlyn Rees and Roy Mason, belong to the study group, as do the chairman of the party Alex Kitson, shadow spokesman on Industry Stan Orme, and prominent members of the party's backbench Northern Ireland group.

At the meeting on Tuesday there

were disagreements over the ultimate objectives of the party. Roy Mason, for instance, did not favour a withdrawal of the guarantee to the Protestant majority of the

north; he felt the immediate aim should be to strengthen the democratic powers of local government in the six counties, and that establishing stronger economic links between north and south might blur the importance of the border. Merlyn Rees, (who on Sunday's *Weekend World* agreed after some equivocation to the withdrawal of the guarantee) agreed that unification was desirable. At the same time, he maintained that any government in Westminster which

admitted as much would provoke UDI in the north within a month and that a timetable for British withdrawal would be counter-productive.

Stan Orme, a close associate of Michael Foot, said he had always been in favour of unification and that the need was to make the Protestants more responsible for the current political situation: tripartite talks between Westminster, Dublin and Ulster should be instigated. Others, such as Jock Stallard, said the Labour Party must now campaign for unification and be open about its views.

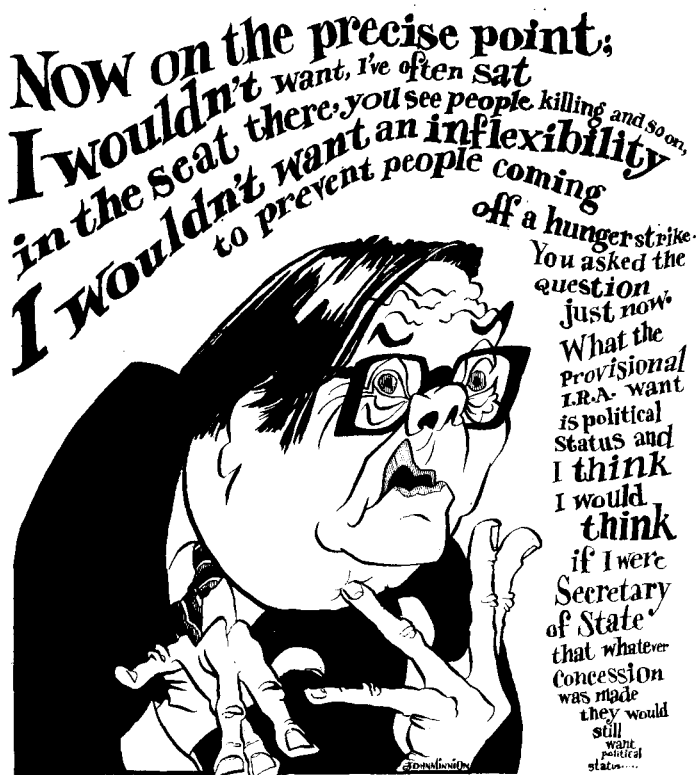
An option paper submitted to the study group includes three possible objections to unification. First, the immediately hostile and possibly violent reaction in the minority community would set the prospect of unity back many years; and such a policy is anyway opposed by the trade unions in the North.

The second objection is phrased in these terms: 'There is little point in a polarised northern working class going into a state (i.e. Eire) dominated by "Tory parties" and the Catholic church'. Many trade unions in the North and in the Irish Labour Party have told the study group that 'a declaration of intent to withdraw would do enormous damage to working class unity and that for unification of North and South to succeed, working class unity in the North is first necessary.'

Thirdly, to maintain the existing level of services, £1,100m would have to be found by the Irish government: 'It is unlikely that the British People would be willing to fund this sum of money once unification was achieved.' The paper says that 'if unification is the aim it should clearly be stated whether or not at some stage during the procedure the consent of the people of Northern Ireland will be sought.' An earlier draft of the study group's chapter on the constitution admitted: 'The six county state of Northern Ireland exists through the will of the majority of its people and not, as is sometimes asserted, through the coercive power of the British state. That is a fact we cannot escape. Any solution which seeks to ignore them will be doomed to almost certain failure.'

The paper suggests that in any event no troops should be withdrawn until areas of joint responsibility, including policing and security, have been properly institutionalised between North and South.

The final decision will rest with this year's Labour Party conference. A survey of party opinion including 70 constituencies showed 'clear-cut' support for 'the concept of a united Ireland, opposition to the organisation of the Labour Party in Northern Ireland, and a call for the withdrawal of troops.' However, 'With the exception of an AUEW branch in Derry not one single trade submitted evidence to the study group.' It is of course the unions, through the block vote, who will decide the party's policy. □



► Contd from p.3

Home Secretary he's been busy making speeches about what Labour in power would do about race relations. First, there ought to be a 'declaratory phase', in which senior politicians get involved in the debate on race, he said. Second, there ought to be a legal phase, in which he would repeal the present racist nationality legislation, and institute 'positive action', after the American pattern. Thirdly, there ought to be an economic phase, in which money would be pumped into areas of urban disadvantage.

He advanced as one sign of possible change the growing 'commitment' within the trade union movement for dealing with racial inequality. But group members who hadn't encountered that phenomenon sat open-mouthed. Jaws dropped another notch when he described Roy Jenkins as 'wise' in linking race relations and immigration legislation. His own jaw set firm, Hattersley went on to declare in ringing tones that he had burned his bridges by committing himself to honour the obligations to the East African Asians abandoned by Labour back in '68. A little late, thought some members of the group whose involvement in race relations and immigration legislation had moved on since then, but

commendable.

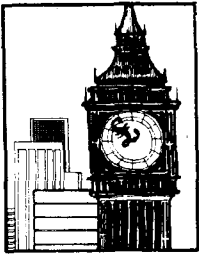
Asked about the performance of Merlyn Rees as Home Secretary, and the famous Green Paper on which the Conservative Nationality Bill was based, Hattersley said it was a 'misunderstanding' that Rees still defended the Green Paper; it had merely been a document for public discussion which presented a range of options. The trouble was, he said, that the Conservatives had extracted the bits that the Labour Party found unacceptable, like ending the right of abode of British-born children.

But had not the entire drift of the Green Paper depended on redefining citizenship in different grades? He refused to comment on that point. Lewisham councillor Russell Profitt got up to say that blacks were cynical about the Labour Party. He also challenged Hattersley's optimistic view of the trade unions' commitment, and asked how the policies outlined by Hattersley would be introduced if by some chance Hattersley himself didn't become Home Secretary. Hattersley moved around this one by informing Profitt that there was great support for Labour among the Asians in his own constituency. In any case, the immigrant communities 'recognised' they stood the best chance with a Labour govern-

ment. In other words — as one group member put it — tough luck, we're the only game in town.

Afterwards, Ian Martin of the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants, expressed his disappointment that neither Hattersley nor any other Shadow Cabinet member appeared to have the least idea of what kind of policy to adopt about immigration law reform. Nor, it seemed, were they prepared to give any commitment about a general strategy for approaching reform. Russell Profitt, chairman of the afternoon session, said there had been no clear statement about policies which delineate the area separating race relations from immigration law, nor any detail about how such policies could be operated in local government: 'Monitoring has failed again and again in local government when it comes up against union pressure.'

'What bothers me', said Paul Boateng, 'is that not only does he seem to have no idea about the experience of black people with racism, he doesn't seem to be aware of what it takes to negotiate the subject with whites in the unions and the party.' Profitt concluded: 'What we got out of the meeting was a sense of how far we have to go in getting the Labour Party to take our policies seriously.' □



Peter Kellner, Political Editor

The most subsidised people on earth

THERE ARE MANY ways in which the British government could spend £1.5 billion. It could restore the housing, school and hospital-building programmes to the levels of the mid-70s, and so generate extra jobs and a better welfare state. Or it could almost double overseas aid, and keep the navy in the style to which it has become accustomed — and so win a standing ovation from the western alliance and the Third World. Or it could cut income tax by two pence in the pound, and give us each a little more to spend. Or it can carry on financing its policy in Northern Ireland, risking death to British soldiers, attracting the opprobrium of the rest of the world, and securing no moral, social or financial dividend whatsoever from its investment.

To discuss Ulster in terms of money rather than principle may seem irrelevant, even sordid. If it is right to stand by the Protestants, should we not do so whatever the price? Alternatively, if it is right to work for British withdrawal and a united Ireland, should we not regard this as the culmination of an historic mission rather than a temporary respite for the public sector borrowing requirement?

Perhaps. There are, though, three reasons why an examination of the economic facts is worthwhile. First, it is one way — admittedly very partial — of discovering something of the true relationship between Britain and the province. Second, Ulster is not the sole moral issue in British politics: the provision of decent welfare services is another, and when money is tight the financial cost of servicing one principle is liable to be paid by sacrificing another.

Third, to probe the financial link between Britain and Ulster is to ask some awkward questions about what British policy has done to everyday life in even the more peaceful parts of the province. The answers are frightening.

THE MAIN subsidy to the Ulster economy voted by MPs at Westminster is the annual Grant in Aid. This totalled £654 million in 1980-81; the provision for 1981-82 is up 20 per cent, to £785 million. This essentially covers the gap between what is collected in Ulster in taxes, rates etc and what is spent there on public services such as roads, housing, schools and hospitals.

But that figure tells only half the story. 'Law, order and Protective Services' — mainly, the cost of the Royal Ulster Constabulary — are financed separately. These are expected to cost £326 million this year. To this must be added the extra cost of keeping troops in Ulster, over and above what it would cost to keep them on Salisbury Plain or the banks of the Rhine.

According to the latest Public Expenditure White Paper, this was £103 million last year, at autumn 1979 prices — which implies a 1981-82 figure at current prices of around £130 million. So the overall figure for — how shall we put it — exerting Her Majesty's authority in Northern Ireland is about £450 million this year. That works out at almost £6 a week for everyone living in Ulster; the cost of law'n' order in the rest of the UK is less than £1 a week per person.

There is, in addition, a further sum not voted by Parliament at all in advance. Each year 'parity payments' are made to the Northern Ireland insurance fund. This is roughly the gap between what companies and workers pay in national insurance contributions, and what (principally) the unemployed and pensioners receive in benefit. With the recession deepening and more than one in five now jobless in Ulster, the parity payments are inevitably on the increase. In 1981-82 they may well approach £200 million.

ALL TOLD, THEN, Ulster receives subsidies totalling £1.5 billion a year from Britain — or almost half the province's annual public expenditure total of £3.3 billion (see table). That is equivalent to a subsidy of £20 per person per week.

Ulster: the true bill

INCOME 1981-82		£ million
Locally-generated taxes, rates, national insurance etc		1,800
Payments from Britain:		
Grant-in-aid	800	
Police, army, prisons	450	
National insurance parity payments	200	1,500
Agricultural subsidy	50	
Total income		3,300
EXPENDITURE 1981-82		£ million
Health, education	1,000	
Social security	900	
Industry, agriculture, transport	500	
Police, army, prisons	450	
Housing	250	
Miscellaneous	200	
Total expenditure		3,300

(It is possible to argue that the subvention is even higher: if, for example, Ulster is deemed to receive its share of the 'benefit' of Britain's general defence expenditure, then another £300 million should be added. The £1.5 billion calculation assumes, in effect, that Ulster receives national benefits such as NATO membership for free. Lucky Ulster.)

If any other part of the UK received a £1,000-a-head subsidy (and no other region comes remotely near that), you might expect an unparalleled surge in prosperity. And, to some extent, Ulster has benefitted: between 1966 and 1978, living

standards rose twice as fast in Ulster as in mainland Britain.

But in other ways, the Ulster economy has grown steadily weaker. Unemployment is worse by far than elsewhere in the UK; and within the province there is a sharp difference between Protestant areas where the rate is 10-20 per cent, and Catholic areas, where it is generally 25-35 per cent. An analysis by Bob Rowthorn to be published in a coming issue of the *Cambridge Journal of Economics** paints a fearsome picture of what has happened since the early 1970s.

A decade ago Ulster had a balanced, if none too prosperous, economic structure. Since then industrial jobs have disappeared at a much faster rate than in mainland Britain. 27 per cent of jobs in manufacturing have gone. At the same time, public money has been poured at an unprecedented rate into jobs in health, education and administration. Public sector employment has risen by half in the past ten years.

One way of looking at the huge and growing subsidy of Ulster is that it has maintained living standards — largely via the creation of public sector jobs — in the face of general economic disintegration. Inward investment from Britain and abroad, which created more than 11,000 new jobs in manufacturing between 1966 and 1971, has largely dried up since then. All told, Rowthorn calculates, the conflict has destroyed or prevented the creation of about 40,000 jobs in industry, construction and private services — while Westminster's response to the conflict has been to create 15,000 more public sector jobs. (Both figures are relative, not absolute: they compare the present employment structure with what it would be if Ulster had developed in line with other depressed regions of the UK.)

The net effect of the conflict, therefore, has been to reduce employment by about 25,000 — or about four per cent of the working population. At the same time the conflict has created grotesque distortions, turning Ulster into a workhouse economy where more and more jobs owe their existence to administrative fiat and institutionalised charity rather than to rational economic organisation.

In the long run — indeed, in the not-so-long run — the economics of Ulster are likely to become an unacceptable burden on Britain. At the same time, the Dublin government could not begin to meet the cost of supporting Ulster's living standards within a united Ireland. It may dent British pride for Tony Benn to suggest involving the United Nations or for David Owen to discuss the role of the Common Market; but the time is not far removed when an international solution to the problems of Ulster will be the only one that either Dublin or London will be able to afford.

*Published by Cambridge Academic Press, 24-28 Oval Road, London NW1; other sources used in the preparation of this article are: *Cambridge Economic Policy Review*, July 1980, Gower Publishing; *The Government's Expenditure Plans 1981-82 to 1983-84*, HMSO; *Supply Estimates 1981-82*, HMSO; and Northern Ireland Department of Finance's *Financial Statement 1980-81*, HMSO (Belfast).

From Vietnam to El Salvador

The victims of the Vietnam war are still punished cruelly. The Vietnamese themselves face famine, isolation and new threats of war with China. The US veterans who returned, broken, are shunned by their country for fighting — and losing — the wrong war. Now 'another Vietnam' is taking shape in Central America. This was the theme of the ITV documentary by John Pilger and David Munro, which recently drew one of the highest-ever audience ratings, as well as an extraordinary show of public support. JOHN PILGER, whose reports from Indochina are well known to *NS* readers, writes about 'Heroes'.

'FATS' WAS SHOT in 1967, and I feel ashamed that I have long since forgotten his name. He lay with his stunned, bleached face and his sergeant, trying to stem a crescendo of screams, which were heard through the night and dawn and remain as memorable as the place where he fell: a trench in which were stacked boxes of toothbrushes, thousands of them, and party balloons and portable electric flush lavatories, all puce coloured, and New York cut steaks packed in dry ice. Fats was a United States Marine, a 'grunt' in a Combined Action Company, better known as a 'hearts and minds' unit. The toothbrushes, balloons and lavatories were to win the hearts and minds of Vietnamese villagers in 'Indian country': the steak was for the next day's barbecue in honour of a colonel who had promised to bring out beer for 'my boys who never say die'. In the colonel's office in Danang were the framed words: 'Grab 'em by the balls and their hearts and minds will follow'. Lyndon Johnson is alleged to have coined that.

One year later I looked up Fats' sergeant in upstate New York and found him on a porch, coming out of a bender. He had uttered barely a word about the war since his return home with a piece of shrapnel, knife-shaped, in his neck because nobody wanted to listen. To former friends in the peace movement he was a pariah or a dupe or a child-killer; to his own community he was obsolete; to his family he was an embarrassment, though they never said as much.

He came home just as the Vietcong were storming the American embassy in Saigon and Walter Cronkite was handing down a televised tablet to the nation: 'Thou shalt no longer support this war, for it is lost'. Fats, he reported, was 'in some bad VA hospital, dead up to his neck'. Both men had volunteered for the Marines, having been weaned on John Wayne, to whom Jimmy Carter felt moved to give some ridiculous posthumous medal and who never saw action in any war. Both men were decorated and given a disability allowance that would keep them in Kentucky fried chicken and little else. Both men had fussed protectively over me, a terrified civilian in their midst, when half the village turned into Vietcong and had come over the wire, bearing hearts and minds and AK-47s.

When they left for Vietnam they were American winners — the kind John Wayne evangelists were proud of; now they were losers and among the first to be drafted into

a great invisible army assigned to a purgatory of silence, shame, indifference. In 1979 a national poll found that 62 per cent of American people believed that veterans of Vietnam 'fought in the wrong war, in the wrong place, at the wrong time, and were suckers'.

Vietnam was the longest war this century, in which more Marines died than during all of World War Two, and 80 per cent of all those who served were volunteers. There is not a single national monument to the dead of that war, nor has there been a great parade of the kind America relishes: of the kind given to the 52 American 'heroes' held hostage in Iran and then celebrated relentlessly, although their faces were unzapped by the 'friendly fire' of Napalm and their testicles were intact and their body cells undisturbed by cancers resulting from chemical warfare. When a group of disabled Vietnam veterans took their hurt to the White House, President Carter was 'unavailable'. One of his media men, in a loud



Bob Muller: 'Your guilt, your hang-ups make you walk away from us; we wear artificial legs so you won't know.'

aside, said, 'You have got to understand these guys are a no-votes situation'. Bob Muller, in his wheelchair, heard that.

I NEVER MET Bob Muller in Vietnam, but I vividly remember him being thrown out of the Republican Party's nomination circus

for Richard Nixon in 1972 — in his wheelchair. Bob Muller, a Marine lieutenant, having lost the use of his legs and gained a chest load of ribbons and medals, was a Grade-A hero: but, alas, there he was spoiling it all by bellowing at Nixon that the war was unwinnable and genocidal. Seven years later I saw this hero again, shrunken and more fragile now, on the steps of New York, City Hall.

It was a Memorial Day and there were uniforms and salutes and dignitaries, although Bob Muller's was the only broken body in view. He had hold of a microphone and within seconds had silenced even the construction site beyond the crowd. 'Listen to me!' he commanded, 'there are 280,000 veterans of Vietnam in New York alone, and a third of them can't find jobs. Throughout America sixty per cent of all black combat veterans are unemployed. Almost half of all combat veterans are either alcoholics or addicted to drugs, or in pain in the head and just as many are probably dying now from the poisons we dumped over there as died in the battlefield. You people out there ran a number on us, right? Your guilt, your hang-ups make you walk away from us; we wear artificial legs so you won't know we're disabled veterans. Why do we feel like we just held up a bank when someone asks us about our wounds? Why do we feel that, if we believe in America, we must be guilty for letting America down or, if we're critical of America, we can't explain even to ourselves why we went over there and needlessly killed civilians? Eight of my friends, with legs like these, killed themselves when they got home; we've got the highest suicide rate in America . . . and that's all I want to say to you today'.

Bob Muller now runs Vietnam Veterans of America from an almost bare office adjacent to a wholesaler of dolls, at the seedy end of Fifth Avenue. There is seldom enough money to pay the telephone bill, in contrast with the Government Veterans Administration, which devotes much of its powerfully-lobbied budget to the running of a chain of nursing homes, mostly for veterans of the two world wars and Korea: the 'winners'. The statistics Bob Muller punched at the Memorial Day assembly included those borne out by a five-volume study by the Centre for Policy Research in New York and commissioned by the Veterans Association. The results made such a mockery of previous official estimates of the distress of Vietnam veterans that the government 'lost' the report until Muller's organisation forced its release under the Freedom of Information Act. The study found that more than a third of Vietnam veterans were suffering from 'delayed stress syndrome' — a slow-fuse psychological disturbance quite distinct from the 'shell shock' and 'combat fatigue' of the world wars, and unique to the Vietnam experience of terror, atrocities and guilt sustained in the cause of nothing.

Alonza Gibbs, whom I met in Philadelphia, was blown up by mortar fire and suf-



Wheaned on John May: new recruits, training completed, prepare to set off for Vietnam (right), the aftermath: veteran demonstrate on Capitol steps, 27 April 1971

ferred multiple gunshot wounds. He said that a third of his company had been wiped out by inept air strikes ordered by the company commander. (This was not uncommon: thus the term 'friendly fire'). He watched Vietnamese prisoners interrogated, then thrown out of helicopters and others laced together with a detonating cord which, when pulled, blew their heads off. 'We had a battalion commander who is a general now', he said. 'I believe he's a cissy. He issued all of us with hatchets and offered a case of whisky to the first man to chop somebody's head off. And, sure enough, a head got chopped off. Some of his boys are right here now, crazier than bed bugs'.

Decorated for trying to save the life of a comrade, Alonza Gibbs now seldom sleeps, is in constant pain from his wounds, drinks too much and suffers, almost certainly, from delayed stress syndrome. 'His personality is completely changed', says his sister, with whom he lives. He fought in Vietnam in 1965 and says that a Veterans Administration doctor told him, 'There is nothing wrong with you that a young man won't snap out of'. In the last two years he has received about £20 a month. 'I didn't like to face up to it at first,' he said, 'but the fact is if I go for a job and tell the man I was in Vietnam, I don't get the job'.

THIS REJECTION by employers is also part of the 'Vietnam syndrome'. After World War Two it was deemed a 'patriotic duty' to employ a returned soldier. By comparison, most of the Vietnam veterans I interviewed spoke of not getting a job, regardless of their qualifications, whenever they listed their service record — 'in the time honoured way', as one veteran put it, 'that blacks are politely turned down'. One veteran was told outright: 'This plant is not taking on any Vietnam dope addicts'. Mike Sulsona, a New York double amputee, wears artificial legs, with pain, chiefly because he wishes to disguise the fact he is a disabled Vietnam veteran. 'When I'm in the wheelchair', he said, 'I'm asked about my legs and if I say "Vietnam" the embarrassment and at times hostility is too much to take.'

World War Two and Korea veterans were 'rewarded' with the GI Bill which Lyndon

Johnson reluctantly re-introduced in 1966, but with a catch: it gave Vietnam veterans \$1500 a year *less* than their fathers received more than 30 years earlier. In 1972 Nixon vetoed the Veterans Medical Care Expansion Act, calling it 'fiscally irresponsible and inflationary'. The United States then had spent some \$165 billion pursuing its task of human and environmental vandalism in Southeast Asia, which Ronald Reagan was to call, in 1980, 'our noble cause'.

'I was an infantry officer', said Bob Muller, 'I had the battleship New Jersey fire in support of me in the DMZ. I had jet strikes one after the other. I had an hour and a half of heavy artillery many, many times. It was *routine* for me to spend \$100,000 a day to kill people. Then I get shot in the process, come back home and my government tells me it's fiscally irresponsible and inflationary to provide adequate medical care in the hospital! Can you imagine what that does to us?'

What that does to them is to punish them for losing and, worse, for *admitting* failure and for shouting the secret of Vietnam: that it was a war of rampant, experimental technology against a peasant people who were, from the beginning, racially expendable. Not a 'mistake' as the tribunes of the American liberal consensus, now gone to ground, used to say; but a crime without the finale of a Nuremberg. The veterans' 'punishment' continued under Jimmy Carter, who in his first fireside chat as President, promised 'top priority' to creating jobs for disabled veterans. Out of 21,000 seriously disabled veterans, 500 were offered work. During last year's Presidential election campaign, Ronald Reagan said: 'To me it's the height of hypocrisy for the Carter administration to repeatedly tell us how much we owe our Vietnam veterans, then recommend a

stingy ten per cent increase in the GI Bill. They deserve pure gratitude, our respect and our continuing concern ...'

Last March, President Reagan asked Congress to cut the few programmes designed to help Vietnam veterans find jobs, finish their education and be treated for drug addiction and alcoholism. Ninety-one 'Outreach' programme counselling centres, many of them in the poorest parts of cities and towns, have become a small salvation to many veterans. David Stockman, who runs Reagan's Office of Management and Budget, who evaded the draft by confining himself to divinity school, wants to close them all down.

REAGAN'S ELEVATION of the Vietnam war as a 'noble cause' which 'ought to have been won' and the relegation of those who bear the war's truth to the boweries of the nation fits nicely into the 'gameplan' for the next 'noble cause'. And if that one fails it, too, can be absolved as a 'tragic mistake.' Vengeance for the humiliation in Vietnam has dominated American global strategy since the day, six years ago, when Ambassador Graham Martin and his poodle were lifted by helicopter out of the US embassy in Saigon. Since then, three administrations have worked to restore the United States from Nixon's memorable 'pitiless giant' to Reagan's 'shining house on the hill'. Reading the newspapers now, deleting Vietnam and writing in El Salvador, the stories seem uncannily similar. In a front page report in the *New York Times* of 28 July, 1964 headlined 'US To Enlarge Vietnam Force by 5000 Advisers' there is this gem: 'There was still no sign of a United States decision to carry the war into North Vietnam or throw American units into combat'. In the *Daily Telegraph* of 5 March this year, under the headline 'No Combat Troops For Salvador', there is the news that Congress will not block the sending of additional military advisers to El Salvador and that President Reagan sees 'no likelihood' of US troops going into combat.

Like Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon and Ford then, Haig and Reagan now see the world in the same obsessional and obtuse terms, speaking of dominoes as if nations were mere blocks of wood, not complex societies riven with profound differences and cultural animosities. 'It isn't just El Salvador,' said Reagan. 'That happens to be the target at the moment. Our problem is in this whole hemisphere and keeping this sort of thing out'. Johnson and Nixon spoke almost precisely those words; only the geography changed.

Perhaps the lies that power the escalator going up to the inevitable are more obvious now, but the escalator keeps moving. Indeed, the fabled 'line' that was drawn in Vietnam 'to stop the advance of Chinese communism' is being drawn once again, this time to keep out the forces of 'Soviet backed international terrorism' in Central America which mysteriously threaten the most powerful nation on earth.

No matter that armed and battle-ready exiled foreign 'freedom fighters' — surely international terrorists by the White House's standards — are training openly, and illegally, in Florida. No matter that even the CIA, in common with other US intelli-

gence groups, have questioned the catch-all charge against Moscow that it is running the international terrorist show, because the Soviet Union is as much beset by 'terrorism' as any other adventurous imperial power: for example, in Afghanistan and Eritrea where it is using weapons and tactics studiously copied from the Americans in Vietnam — yet another brutal irony. No matter that the former American ambassador in El Salvador, Robert White, has told a Congressional hearing that the war in that country is caused by social injustice and that the real terrorists are the regime backed by Haig and Reagan. 'The security forces in El Salvador have been responsible for the deaths of thousands and thousands of young people', said White, 'and they have executed them on the mere suspicion that they are leftists or sympathise with leftists. Are we *really* going to send military advisers in there, to be part of all that...?' No matter that the Reagan administration's real aim is to be seen 'hanging tough', as Nixon used to say, in a little country where the options are soft and the fodder is plentiful.

The policy of hanging tough, partly to justify a war economy and partly in the cause of vengeance, is double handed: while adventure is pursued in El Salvador (and, less obtrusively in much of Central America) revenge is exacted in Vietnam itself. The Reagan administration's commitment to 'another Vietnam' is deeper than those Americans who oppose it realise; and it is not purely American. According to the excellent Center for International Policy in Washington, \$523 million will go to the El Salvador junta after Washington applies its persuasive powers to the World Bank, the Inter-American Development Bank and the International Monetary Fund and after it 'harnesses' the European donors, regardless of their public utterances of distaste for the new adventure. Not that the Thatcher Government has uttered any such distaste. Indeed, which government is likely to give more money than any European government, more than Canada, more than Argentina and Brazil, to a regime patently guilty of murdering its own people? Margaret Thatcher's government, of course. Some \$19 million could be Britain's share; are we aware of this?

HALF A WORLD AWAY, in Vietnam, about which we hear little these days, there is the beginning of famine. Six million Vietnamese are faced with 'serious malnutrition', according to a UN Food and Agricultural Organisation group. Rations are now less than even during the war years: less than half the daily amount of food needed for a healthy survival. A development programme drawn up by the Asian Development Bank was considered to be vital. 'The Americans', said an official of the bank, 'have told us to lose the file on Vietnam'. The Japanese and the EEC have sent nothing: Britain long ago cut off its piddling humanitarian aid.

Last week, the Chinese carried out a 'punitive' action against Vietnam's northern border, similar to its attack in 1979 which had prior American approval. Last week the 'landbridge' from Thailand to Cambodia was re-opened, allowing Western, chiefly American sustenance to flow more conveniently to Pol Pot's Khmer

Rouge and thus to accelerate the 'de-stabilisation' of Cambodia and Vietnam and to push both countries deeper into the arms of the Soviet Union, which neither wants. In Cu Chi, near Saigon, which I remember as thick forest, there is today a shimmering horizon of wilderness which has been poisoned, perhaps for generations. Eleven million gallons of the herbicide Agent Orange were dumped on Vietnam; its chief ingredient, dioxin, is estimated to be a thousand times more destructive than thalidomide. Blind and deformed babies are now common in those areas sprayed during Operation Hades, later re-named Operation Ranch Hand.

Charlie Hartz, a Vietnam veteran who was exposed to Agent Orange, is going blind and is dying from cancer. His four children were born deformed. He is one of many veterans similarly afflicted, and none of them has been compensated. In Beallsville,

CHINA

Bitter truth

JONATHAN MIRSKY on new evidence that the 'Motherland' persecutes her intellectuals

IN 1980, 25 YEARS after his dispatch into internal exile as 'the head of an anti-Party clique', Hu Feng, a major Chinese writer, was rehabilitated and the case against him declared 'wrong'. Now 79, Hu Feng has just published his first work for a quarter of a century, a poem about a blade of grass conversing with the sun. There is a hint that Spring is around the corner.

Unfortunately for other writers, the real Chinese Spring of 1981 is proving to be a chilly one. At least six dissidents were scooped up by the police in April, accused it seems, under China's all-purpose 'counter-revolutionary' statute. After a brief thaw, it is necessary, in the words of one official body, 'to pull out the weeds in the garden of art and literature to enable hundreds of flowers to blossom more beautifully'.

Military literary critics are focusing on a now notorious poem, *Generals and Soldiers*, published in December, which made the simple point that generals get medals but soldiers die. The People's Liberation Army, until recently beyond reproach, struck back in its own newspaper, *Liberation Daily*, emphasising that generals and soldiers both shed their blood. Of course the Army feels touchy. Since the inconclusive and costly invasion of Vietnam in 1979, followed by the revelations during the Gang trial that supreme generals had conspired to murder Mao, the forces have slipped from their pedestal. A February military conference, attended by Party General Secretary Hu Yaobang, declared that young soldiers were weak at distinguishing right from wrong, and insisted that henceforth every 'fighter' must swear loyalty to the Party, the government, and even to the modernisation programme.

The nation-wide savaging of *Generals and Soldiers* bears all the hallmarks of the traditional Maoist attacks on authors who abandon optimism. This is coupled with the assurance that only a 'small handful' are taking the wrong road, but at the same time, paradoxically, the fact that they are taking it is deemed to be tremendously dangerous for everyone else. 'Although these facts and sentiments apparently differ from those of our commanders and fighters', maintain the literary experts of the Yunnan Military District, 'this kind of poem definitely has harmful results'.

Songs can be equally pernicious. *Hung Qui*, China's ideological voice, has pointed out that

Ohio, Betty Rucker (pictured on the cover) still has the telegram which told her that her son, Rick, was killed by 'a friendly rocket'. When Rick went off to war, Mrs Rucker thought Vietnam was 'somewhere near Cuba or Panama, real close and threatening'. Considering events today, her remark, made to me a decade ago, is searing in its irony.

Indeed, as we now know, US 'advisers' have arrived in that very region, and more are to follow, but of course they will only shoot their guns in self-defence, just as it was in Vietnam, in the beginning. And if they do find themselves shooting their guns, they will need to be 'protected'; and then there is the 'likelihood' if not the certainty that a new generation of heroes, the Ricks and Bobs, the Charlies and Fats, will be on their way. □

John Pilger is on the staff of the Daily Mirror.

much Western-style pop music, such as the current favourites *Drizzle* and *Express Train*, is like 'sugar-coated poison' (an old Stalinist insult) and will 'unobtrusively exert an evil influence'.

This is the Chinese version of Reds under the bed, the paranoid certainty that one's tiny band of enemies is immensely powerful. It has sparked the recent Central Committee communiqué, which describes counter-revolutionaries — not backwardness, poverty, hunger, or even the Soviets — as China's number one problem. It explains the witch-hunting which disfigures virtually every Chinese modernisation programme save family planning and has cost millions of lives, either through neglect or directly at the hands of the State. And it shows that these attacks on the people of China by their own government did not occur as a one-off during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (or 'the ten terrible years,' as they are now known): they are endemic. Evidence of this full-blooded response can be found in the present drive against the film scenario *Bitter Love*.

Written in 1979 by Bai Hua, *Bitter Love* centres on the veteran painter Ling Chenguang, whose life up to the 1949 Liberation consisted of political struggle. After drifting unhappily about the world he promptly returns to China after the Communist victory, determined to serve the new society. Life, however, steadily worsens, and Ling tells an old comrade: 'I was never loved. I have loved all my life and yet my love is unrequited.' Nonetheless he refuses to allow his daughter to abandon the Motherland by fleeing abroad, and is staggered when she turns on him: 'You love our country and have suffered for your bitter love. But does the Motherland love you as you love it?' This now-famous line has been distastefully held up to view by every official critic.

Bai Hua's real crime is to allege that the Motherland *itself*, Communist China, maltreats intellectuals. 'How can we confuse the Gang of Four with the country and say that the Motherland does not love its own sons and daughters, not even the patriotic intellectuals,' asks one critic, unveiling Bai Hua's true villainy. 'What is more, the screen play presents to the reader an impression that life in the decades after the liberation was worse than before.'

This onslaught, in the 23 April *Peking Daily*, was followed the next day by the *Hubei Daily's* double charge that *Bitter Love* is absurd but nevertheless 'makes people feel that the socialist motherland is not worth "loving" and should not be "loved"'. On the same day *Literary News* claimed that while works such as *Bitter Love* are few, 'their influence is pernicious'.

Indeed, *Bitter Love* is pernicious. It discloses one of the great Chinese secrets: 'patriotic intellectuals', especially those who returned to the Motherland from abroad after 1949, suffered at her hands. □

tity-production of classicists.

1966-68: As a Treasury 'high-flyer'*, he was appointed secretary to the Fulton Committee investigating the Civil Service. This reported the CS to be 'still fundamentally the product of the 19th century... the service is essentially based on the philosophy of the amateur'. Sweeping changes were recommended to introduce professional standards.

1968: Wilding promoted Assistant Secretary and moved to the new Civil Service department with responsibility for implementing the Fulton changes. Wilding's planning team (under the guidance of the late William Armstrong, later Baron Sanderstead) succeeded in not creating a unified grading system, as recommended by Fulton (this would have enabled specialists to compete for top jobs on equal terms with non-specialists, like Wilding himself). Instrumental in this was setting up of a CSD working-party consisting



UPP

largely of unsympathetic mandarins (including George Pottinger, qv, later jailed for his role in the Poulson corruption case). CSD performance on unified grading was subsequently heavily criticised by the Commons Expenditure Cttee (1977 report).

1975: Wilding promoted to Deputy Secretary, CSD. Tells Institute of Management Consultants:

I come from the ranks of the general administrators who move about in the CS from one kind of job to another. I have had no formal training in management sciences or management itself, and I had no experience of taking part in management services or consultancy assignments until I was put in this job where I have to supervise them. So, if any of what I have to say seems to you to betray a lack of professional knowledge, you will know why.

And in a lecture in 1979:

*'High flyer': a civil servant, chosen in his or her twenties — in advance of any substantial working record — for grooming as a future mandarin.

Essex CC 1959-65; MP for Bradford N. since 1964.

1966: Heavily criticised for accepting invitation to visit Spain under Franco. 1973 cancels visit to Portugal (along with Albert Roberts & Ted Garrett, also Labour MPs) after NEC points out that Portugal is still effectively a dictatorship. Same year, attended a London banquet given for Dr Caetano, Premier of Portugal & successor to Salazar: on the following day joins with Reginald Paget MP (qv) in abstaining from Labour motion which condemns the visit.

1974: Accuses Arthur Scargill of trying to bring down the British economy and replace it with an East European system.

1975: becomes a parliamentary consultant to International News Service, PR firm which

We must, I think, distinguish energy from commitment. It is absolutely necessary to pursue today's policy with energy; it is almost equally necessary, in order to survive, to withhold from it the last ounce of commitment. At the same time, I believe it is possible to care, and to care passionately, to throw in the last ounce of commitment, for the idea of the service itself; and to invest that commitment in our particular institution, the Civil Service itself, with all its manifest imperfections.

Wilding's personal style is cheerful and gossipy. He received the CB in 1979.

BECKETT, John Angus. head of Petroleum Division, Ministry of Power, 1964-72: now oil-company boss. Born 1909, graduated from Cambridge; joined wartime Civil Service after working as a teacher.

1966 onwards: as head of Petroleum Division, Beckett was the civil servant principally responsible for dealing with Shell & BP over oil-sanctions against Rhodesia. Dr Jeremy Bray, MP (Parl. Secretary Ministry of Power, 1966-7) later stated in H. of Commons that Beckett was 'obviously in the pocket of the oil companies'.

On retirement in 1972, Beckett was offered jobs by major oil companies. Although

he was refused permission to accept them by the Head of the Civil Service he subsequently accepted appointment to a consulting firm employed by those major oil companies.

He then applied for, and was given permission to become (1972) chairman of William Press Production Systems, large-scale contractors to oil companies operating in the North Sea. Subsequently (in the words of Paul Channon, Minister of State for the CS), he

took another part-time job in another subsidiary of the same company. Since this happened within two years of his departure from the Civil Service it ought on a strict interpretation of the rules to have been the subject of a further application. It was not, and there was therefore a technical breach of the rules.

In 1979, Beckett also became a director of Total Oil Marine. His book *Iceland Adventure* (1934) describes a university Arctic expedition which he accompanied.

GREGORY, Alan. Civil servant and oilman. Served in Petroleum Division of Ministry of Power under John Beckett (qv, above). Told the oil companies in 1968 that HMG

would not wish to be involved with the details of the swap arrangement made with the French company, Total, in order to assure supplies of oil to Ian Smith's illegal government. Left government service 1970. Now a director of BP International, responsible for Public Affairs.

also employs Brian Walden (qv). Plays leading part in campaign led by Bristol Ship Repairers Ltd against Labour Govt's plans to nationalise shipbuilding industry.

1976: State visit of Gen. Ernesto Geisel, President & effectively military dictator of Brazil. NEC calls for cancellation of visit, esp. on grounds of massive use of torture by Brazilian govt: 112 Labour MPs sign motion condemning visit. Ford draws up counter-motion commending Geisel's moves to strengthen Brazil's parliamentary institutions, and obtains 86 signatures, mostly Tories. Treasurer of British Inter-Parliamentary Union (IPU), funded by government grant: spent £197,000 in 1978. Mr Ford is a director of Welltrade International and Saunders Walker Associates.

No entry in Who's Who

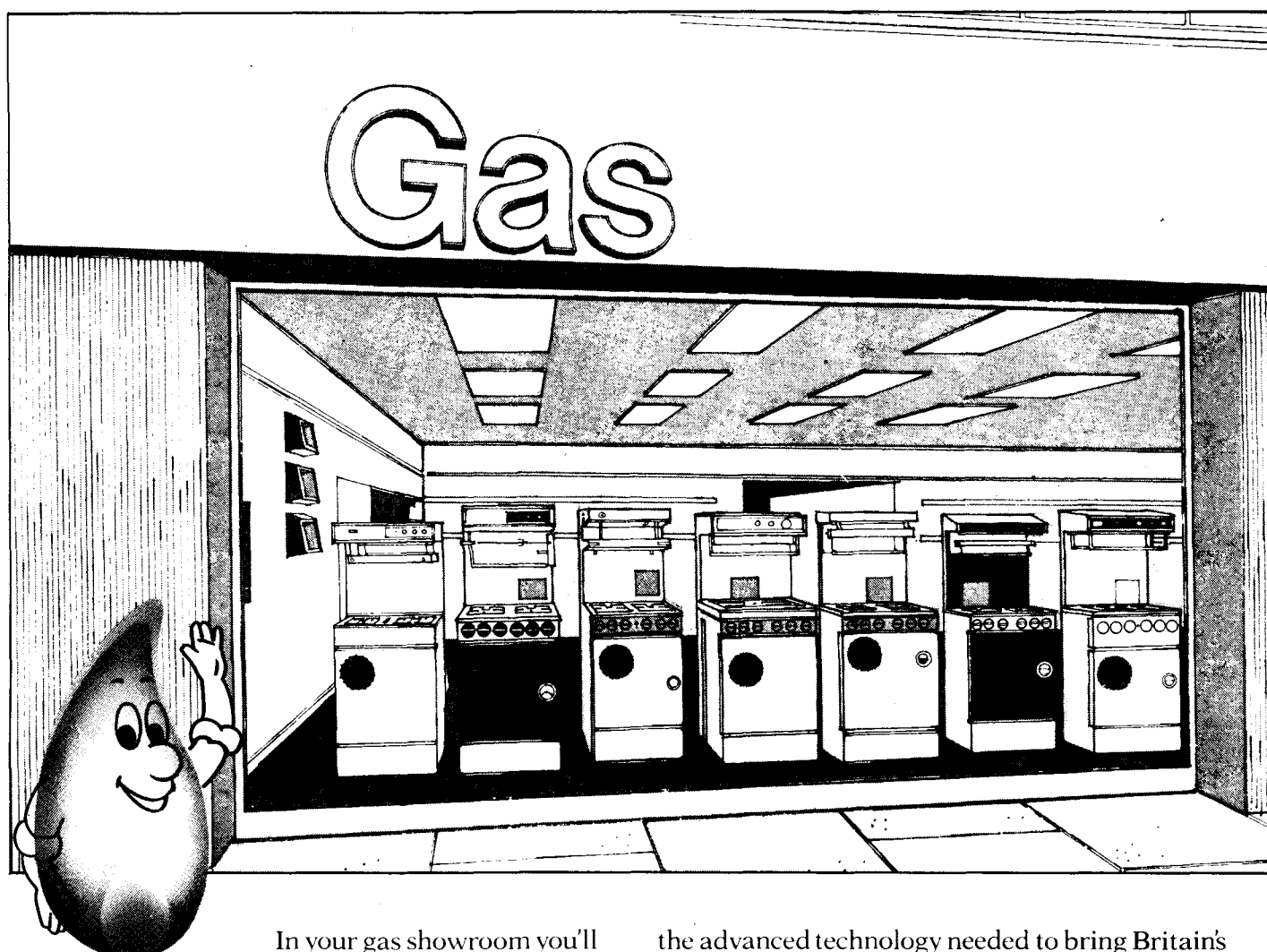
Contributions from: Anna Umbima, Martin Bailey, Peter Kellner.

WILDING, Richard. Mandarin: leading exponent of the Whitehall Inertial Defence; No 3 at present in Civil Service Dept. Born 1929, schooled at Winchester: graduated in classics from New Coll. Oxford. Entered Civil service in 1953: published, the following year, *A Classical Anthology* and has produced other teaching-aid material for use in quan-

Rarely, if ever, do the autobiographical notes compiled by MPs convey the full curiosity of some of the political specimens to be found on the Labour and Tory back-benches. Herewith, following on from the case of Mr Syd Bidwell, another back-bench entry from *Who's Really Who*.

FORD, Ben. Labour MP and lobbyist. Born 1925, married with 3 children. War service in RN, subsequently electronic fitter. Alderman,

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London's secret blight

MICK HAMER reveals widespread plans to widen roads

ROAD ENGINEERS at the Greater London Council have clandestine plans to widen hundreds of miles of major roads in central London. If implemented, these plans would radically change the face of London. They would involve replacing Tottenham Court Road with what is virtually a six lane motorway and knocking down a host of London landmarks, including Billingsgate, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson hospital and half of Whitehall.

At the centre of the engineers' strategy is the 'safeguarding' of road-widening lines. This means that when a roadside site is redeveloped, the engineers insist that the new building is set back to accommodate a wider road. These widening lines are a closely guarded secret. A 1980 GLC committee report denied the existence of any master plan: 'sketch plans . . . may be prepared from time to time but (they) have no other status.' A 1971 report was more straightforward: 'safeguarding . . . need not involve too much publicity.'

The safeguarding issue is likely to produce a confrontation between the new Labour administration and the engineers. Ken Livingstone, the new leader of the GLC, told the *New Statesman* this week: 'we will withdraw all safeguarding connected with a road widening scheme unless the scheme has been published.' Officially the GLC only has 40 road schemes in central London. Yet the *New Statesman* investigation has discovered over 100 secret widening lines.

There are two reasons why these plans are secret. First, the engineers want to avoid any public scrutiny of their plans — even by councillors. And secondly they want to avoid the cost of blight: if a building is affected by a new road scheme then the GLC has to compensate the owners.

Implicit in the engineers' plan is the phi-

losophy that London ought to have wider roads. Yet in a large city like London there will always be more traffic than there is road space. Wider roads simply increase the number of cars that can get snarled up in traffic jams. And the seemingly inexorable march of wider roads runs directly counter to Labour attempts to introduce traffic restraint.

MOST OF CENTRAL London's major roads are about 35 feet wide from kerb to kerb — space for a couple of tram tracks up the middle and room for a horse and cart to pass on the inside. These roads can take three or four lanes of traffic. In the minds of the GLC engineers these roads are 'substandard'. They still seek to impose the sort of standards laid down in the 1960s, when the established wisdom was that towns needed motorways to cope with traffic. Most of the schemes found by the *NS* involve widening highways to 75 feet — room for a four lane dual carriageway — or 100 feet — space for a six lane motorway. The methods which the engineers use to achieve these grandiose plans are undemocratic, deprive landowners of compensation, and, according to one local government officer, are of doubtful legality.

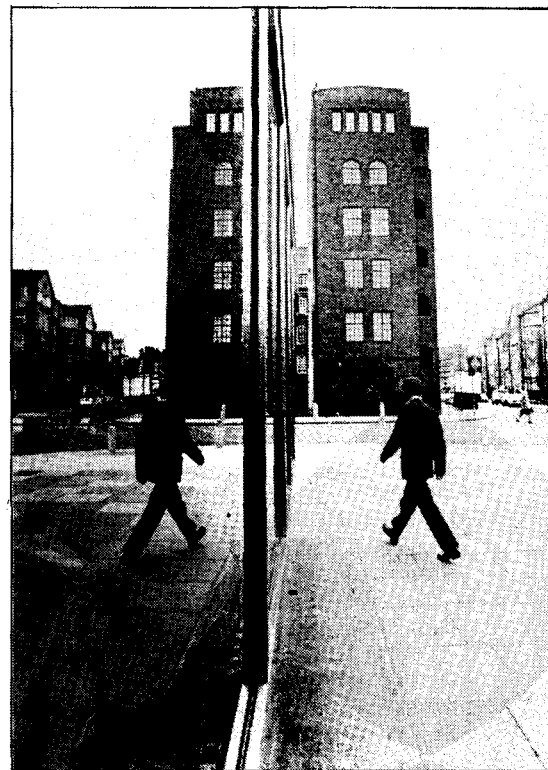
The GLC has power under the Highways Act to require a developer to set a building back from the road. However, it never uses the power because that would involve publishing its plans and being forced to buy out anyone who is blighted. The blight bill for all the GLC's plans would be impossibly large. An acre of land in central London could cost up to £3 million. Hundreds of acres would be needed to make way for the engineers' roads.

So instead the engineers resort to a bit of informal arm-twisting. Prior to submitting a

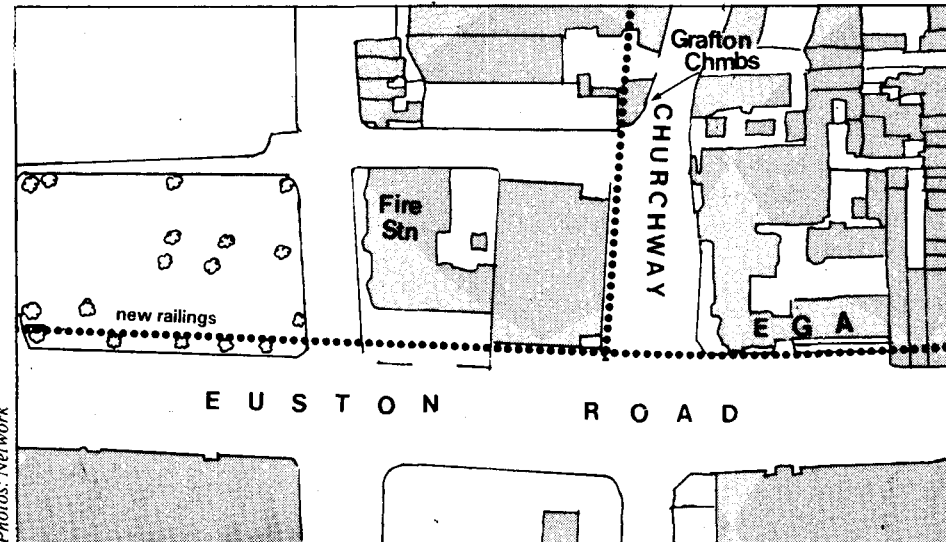
formal planning application to redevelop a site a developer will consult with both the local borough and the GLC. In most cases the developer agrees to set back the building to the GLC widening line: they may wish to avoid the delay of appealing against refusal of planning permission; and although the engineers often lack the support of the planning committee, the developers are not always aware of this. Only if the developer kicks up a fuss will the engineers refer the case to a GLC committee; and even then decisions are usually taken just on the chairman's authority.

If the developer still refuses to co-operate then the GLC has power to direct new buildings to be set back on category A metropolitan roads. (These are roads which the GLC in 1974 intended widening within ten years; most of them still await widening.) On other metropolitan roads the GLC can only advise. But the distinction is nice. The *NS* has discovered widening lines on both classes of roads.

Sometimes, especially in the City, the developer is offered a taller building in return for giving up land. The classic example is Centrepont. Harry Hyams gave up land to the GLC to build a roundabout,



Widening schemes in London's Euston Road and one of its tributaries. Dotted line indicates GLC widening line. Below left, railings in front of Euston station have already been set back to make room for a wider road; only a solitary tree now stands in the way. Right, a familiar sign of stealthful widening: new buildings have been set back in Churchway, with Grafton Chambers remaining in the bulldozer's path. The same widening scheme entails demolishing the fire station forecourt and lopping off the front of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson hospital.



and in return was allowed to double the height of his building. Only once in the last four years has a developer appealed against a GLC widening line. The GLC lost.

The engineers' secrecy about their plans extends to the local plans which are prepared by London boroughs. The Department of the Environment advises all councils to identify 'the area of land over which it intends to operate a safeguarding policy'. The GLC ignores this and refuses to let its own safeguarding lines be included in local plans. In the plan for Kensington and Chelsea, which is typical, Kensington shows its widening lines — which are relatively few in number — but those lines stop as soon as they reach a metropolitan road.

Islington borough took the initiative and included the GLC's widening lines in the first draft of its plan. When consulted the GLC told Islington to take the lines out of the plan and threatened Islington with responsibility for blight: 'any financial liability arising from . . . blight cannot be accepted by this council and would therefore fall upon the borough.' Faced with this threat Islington did back down a bit — but the revised plan still names eight GLC schemes. Islington had had to search its own planning records to find sites which had been set back from the road at the GLC's insistence.

BUILDING A NEW ROAD through an urban area almost invariably produces a public inquiry if property owners object to compulsory purchase. If buildings have already been set back then a public inquiry can usually be avoided, and the engineers do not have to justify the principle of building a new road. This secrecy also enables the engineers to frustrate policies with which they do not agree. To the average road engineer London's traffic problems have one simple solution; wider roads. However, the 1973 Labour administration adopted a policy of traffic restraint, aiming to cut traffic by one third below its 1974 level. But throughout Labour's reign the engineers pursued their safeguarding, literally paving the way for wider roads and more traffic.

Not that the plans are particularly consistent. Tottenham Court Road has a 98 foot widening line. The block of shops at the Oxford Street end is likely to be redeveloped in 1983. To the north, on the other side of Euston Road, Hampstead Road has a 74 foot safeguarding line — the northern part of which has already been widened into a dual carriageway. The widening line appears to end abruptly in Camden High Street, where there is no sign of safeguarding.

On the south side of Oxford Street, Charing Cross Road has an 81 foot widening line — Sandringham Flats West have just been demolished to help make way for this road. Yet the narrowest part of the road, just as it enters Trafalgar Square is where the National Portrait Gallery faces St Martins-in-the-Fields. It is likely to be quite a while before these sites are redeveloped. Yet over the other side of Trafalgar Square there is a widening line of at least 86 feet. Most of these buildings, including those currently being rebuilt, are listed. The buildings on the corner of Whitehall, the narrowest part of the road, are currently being refurbished. The only practical way of using this extra

road space would be to build a roundabout, a flyover, or an underpass at Trafalgar Square.

Widening lines are no respecter of listed buildings. There is a 100 foot widening line on the south side of the A315 from Hammersmith to Hyde Park Corner. Widening this road through Hyde Park can be virtually ruled out after the fuss about making Park Lane a dual carriageway in the 1950s. But on the south side of Kensington High Street — where the road is under 100 feet wide — are listed landmarks like Derry and Toms, Barkers, the Royal Geographical Society and the Albert Hall. The long-term plan is to build an underpass at Knightsbridge to carry traffic from Hammersmith, via the A4, to Hyde Park Corner. This will provide extra road space for traffic coming from Hammersmith via the A315. An engineer's daydream — and a Londoner's nightmare.

Are you blighted?

If you live in London you may want to know whether your part of town is affected by a secret road widening scheme. The new GLC leader has said they will all be published, but unless there is a concerted campaign, this may not happen for some time, if at all. In the meantime, the *New Statesman* has details of every site known to be affected by a GLC road widening scheme since 1977 — in Camden, City of London, Hackney, Hammersmith, Islington, Kensington and Chelsea, Lambeth, Southwark, Tower Hamlets and Westminster. For a complete list send £1 plus A4-sized s.a.e. to: 'Blight Offer', *New Statesman*, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1.

HOUSING

Unfit law for council homes

ANDREW ARDEN on a case that undermines tenants' rights

COUNCIL TENANTS have long believed they are treated as second-class citizens, not least in the eyes of the law. A recent decision in the High Court goes a long way towards confirming their view. George Cross had been for many years a tenant of the Cardiff City Council. He lived in Adamsdown, one of the most run-down parts of the city. The house he occupied with his wife and children was in an appalling state of disrepair. He complained often but without effect. Eventually, the local law centre took up his case. Letters and threats of action produced no results so, at the end of the day, the law centre adopted a little-known procedure of complaining to a JP that the house was statutorily unfit for human habitation.

The magistrate agreed and, in compliance with the Housing Act 1957, complained to the City's Environmental Health Officer. The legal effect of such a complaint is to place the EHO under an obligation to inspect the house, and to report whether or not the house is, indeed, unfit. He may disagree with the magistrate, in which case, no further action will be taken. In this case, however, he agreed that the house was unfit.

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As the judge who heard the case commented: 'There is really no dispute that the property was in extremely poor condition and indeed unfit. Photographs which are before me make the position clear beyond peradventure.'

At this stage the problems for Mr Cross as a council tenant (as distinct from a private tenant) were uncovered. If he had been a private tenant, the position in law would have been quite clear. The council would have been under an absolute obligation to adopt a particular course of action: if in its view the house were capable of being rendered fit for human habitation, at a reasonable expense, then the council would have been bound to serve a notice requiring the landlord to repair it. If not, its duty would have been to call a meeting with the landlord, to discuss the future of the house (a 'time-and-place' meeting, as it is known). The options would then have been strictly limited, by law: the council could accept an offer by the landlord to carry out the works, notwithstanding the cost; alternatively, the landlord could undertake not to use the house for human habitation; otherwise the authority would have to make an order either closing the house to human habitation, or demolishing it.

As for the tenants, they gain if their house is rendered fit. If the landlord undertakes not to use the house for human habitation, or if a closing or demolition order is made, then the local authority is obliged to rehouse them, to pay reasonable expenses for moving and, if the tenants have — as Mr Cross had — been in occupation for five years or more, make a 'home loss' payment, which can amount to as much as £1,500.

Cardiff City Council did none of these things. They resolved instead to move Mr Cross and sell the house, subject to a requirement that it be made fit before it was reoccupied. As a result, Mr Cross's right to rehousing was discretionary, rather than mandatory, and might — as indeed proved to be the case — take quite some time to come through. No less importantly, he would not qualify for removal expenses or home loss payment. He issued High Court proceedings to compel the local authority to decide whether or not the house was repairable at a reasonable expense, to serve the appropriate notices and to order appropriate compensation, should he be forced to move. Cardiff Council argued that, if the authority that was placed under an obligation to take action to abate unfitness was one and the same legal body as the landlord, none of the provisions applied. The implication, and the necessary corollary, is that there is no remedy in law to compel a local authority to do anything about unfitness in their own houses, or to compensate their tenants when they are moved on account of unfitness.

The court upheld Cardiff's submissions, and dismissed Mr Cross's claims. By the time of the hearing, Mr Cross had finally been moved. However, perhaps not surprisingly in view of the likely cost of making the house fit, seven months after his final departure a buyer has yet to be found for the house. At a time of severe government cut-backs in housing expenditure, including on repairs, the point of the case is not without significance: if Mr Cross's claim had been upheld, shortage of cash would have afforded the Council no legal defence to inaction; as it is, in substance, the government's policy has been given ample legal room for manoeuvre.

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Diary

FRANCIS WHEEN

■ It's nearly a fortnight since Labour won control of the Greater London Council and, although the period could hardly be described as ten days that shook the world, there have been some small tremors. There was GLC Snub To Royal Wedding of course (I'm surprised our royalist press didn't make more fuss about this) and, most noticeably, there was Cash Shock For Royal Opera. What happened was that Tony Banks, new chairman of the arts and recreation committee, said that he personally would like to cancel this year's grant of £275,000 to the Royal Opera House Development Appeal. The question has yet to be discussed, let alone approved, by the committee or the full council, but the tone of the press coverage has suggested that the cut has already been made. If the GLC do withdraw the money, however, I hope they will not do so on the grounds that opera is thought to be 'culture for toffs'. I find opera unutterably tedious but I am quite prepared to believe that there are plenty of Londoners who would love it if they were given a chance to see it. What the GLC ought to do is make opera tickets more widely available. What they should certainly *not* do is lavish large sums on pop groups; there are quite enough rock concerts taking place already. Best of all, the GLC could apply the Sports Principle ('it's usually more stimulating to participate than to spectate') to the arts, encouraging many more people to make their own sculptures

Roger Woddis

Someone up there

'Our intellectual and spiritual values are rooted in the source of all strength, a belief in a higher being, a law higher than our own.' — President Reagan.

Not for us the rule of iron,
Not for us the curtained lie;
We derive our deepest values
From our Sponsor in the sky.

We have pity for the Godless,
Servile in their total state;
Lenin made their land a prison
Goodness made our country great.

We protect the huddled masses,
As we strive to serve the poor,
Bearing witness in Atlanta,
Sharing in El Salvador.

Kneeling to a higher being
Guards the simple things we love;
He who blesses our investments
Shines upon us from above.

You can always tell the good guys
By the holy hats they wear;
Someone up there who adores us
Sanctifies our ironware.

or, if you prefer, to blow their own trumpets.

■ It has been odd, these past few months, to hear Labour front-benchers railing against the government's Nationality Bill, as if the record of the People's Party on matters of immigration and citizenship was a model of humane behaviour. The truth is rather different, as I have been reminded by a case I came across this week. Harry Podlewski's parents were Polish, but they escaped to the Allied side during the war and joined the British army. Harry was born in 1947 in Germany, where his father was serving, but since the age of seven weeks he has lived in Britain. Harry's sister and brother, who were born later, are British citizens; but because Harry was born abroad he has always been classified as a displaced person. This means that he cannot have a British passport. Instead, he has to use a 'refugee travel document', which usually causes raised eyebrows at foreign airports (and Heathrow) and often gets him locked up for the night while inquiries are made about his status. In August 1975 he applied for citizenship. A formality, you might think; but, after enormous delay, in January 1979 the Home Office sent him a letter saying that Merlyn Rees had decided to reject his application. As usual, no reasons were given. Harry has one conviction — possession of a tiny quantity of cannabis, for which he was fined £25 — but he can't believe that something so trivial would be the cause of his misfortune. 'Perhaps they think I'm about to blow up the Houses of Parliament or something,' he says. 'But they won't tell me.' Harry's girlfriend is going on holiday to India this year, but he has decided not to accompany her; without a passport it's just too much trouble. I trust Merlyn Rees feels thoroughly proud of himself.

■ Maurice Ludmer died last week at the age of 54. Not many people in Britain had heard of him, yet hundreds of thousands were influenced by his work. After visiting Belsen in 1946 he decided to devote his life to fighting racism, and the way in which he chose to do it was through his magazine *Searchlight*. More importantly, the research done by *Searchlight* provided the raw material for almost every television programme, book and newspaper article on the National Front and its offshoots. As the playwright David Edgar put it to me last week, 'Maurice provided the factual weapons by which the National Front came to be seen as a real threat and a real Nazi movement.' Every time NF leaders tried to 'go respectable', Maurice would produce photographs and biographies which thwarted them. In recent years he had also taken a keen interest in the 'revisionist histories' of the Second World War which seek to pass themselves off as disinterested works of scholarship. He was a brave and generous man; we shall miss him.

■ From America comes news of a small but heartening victory for decency. Last year a couple of famous right-wing drivellers, Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss, published a book called *The Spike*, which claimed that the Western media had been taken over by the KGB. It was, naturally, 'so explosive that it can only be told as fiction'.

But the fictional veneer was not quite thick enough. One of the Russian front-organisations in the novel was a Washington-based outfit called the Institute for Progressive Reform, which had a European office, the 'Multinational Institute', in Amsterdam. Several reviewers pointed to the remarkable similarity between these groups and the real-life Institute for Policy Studies, a radical establishment in Washington which has an office in Amsterdam called the Transnational Institute. The IPS threatened to sue the publishers for libel. Last week it was announced that the publishers of the American paperback edition had agreed to 'extensive textual changes.' The book will still be as trashy as ever, but at least it will have cost a bit more to produce. The publishers of the English paperback edition, Futura, have been allowed to continue distributing it without the alterations, but any re-prints will have to be changed.

■ One of this office's most valued possessions for the past year has been the *Daily Mirror's* style book, written by Keith Waterhouse and printed towards the end of 1979. It was distributed only among *Mirror* staff (our copy was smuggled out) but the powers-that-be at the *Mirror* have now decided that it deserves a wider audience. They are publishing it rather tentatively — hardly any promotion or distribution has been arranged — because, presumably, they fear that no one outside Fleet Street will pay £3.50 for a 110-page book on newspaper style. I hope you will prove them wrong by ordering copies forthwith from Mirror Books (66-73 Shoe Lane, London EC4). Most newspapers' style-books contain nothing but silly prescriptions: on *The Times* you must write 'connexion' instead of 'connection' while on the *Guardian* you must use 'gaol' rather than 'jail'. Waterhouse's book, which should be especially helpful to English teachers, is about 'style' in a much more useful sense. It is a plea for clear and vigorous writing, and it is stuffed with wit and common sense. He is particularly good when pointing out that 'tabloidesque', which is usually thought of as being synonymous with compression, is actually a device for extending stories and making them more difficult to understand. For example, the news that footballer Kevin Keegan has made a pop record is presented in the *Mirror* thus:

What a turn-up! Soccer idol Kevin Keegan has made his first pop record. And clearly he's let it go a little to his head. The striker's new goal is to score a chart-buster. Which would be a pretty fancy feat for the maestro of fancy footwork.

But Kevin, who's always on song for his club Hamburg, knows his showbiz career could take an early bath . . .

I need hardly add that the headline reads HEADING FOR A HIT.

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcard, please.)

□ The increasing time spent by schools on activities to raise funds for essential educational items was deplored by a teachers' conference yesterday. One school was said to be running a greyhound at a local track to help to buy textbooks. — *The Times* (I.L. Mackenzie)

New Statesman 22 May 1981



Take a dip

Arthur Marshall

IT IS possibly my fault as much as theirs that in my youth all those who strove to teach me history, strove in vain. I would not say that history was as detestable to me as Latin but it was, like Waterloo (and I seem to have learnt some history after all), a close-run thing. Anyway, the verb 'to teach' is surely all wrong for history, which ideally should be a subject requiring a shared enthusiasm rather than being a formal classroom exercise such as, heaven help us all, surds. At my prep school, Stirling Court on the Hampshire coast, there was no enthusiasm for history, shared or otherwise. Formality reigned. Nobody ever read us a stirring account of, say, a Chartist rising or a nice massacre somewhere (the Armenians seemed always to be copping it, but how justifiably I cannot say). The Great War was only two years over and therefore ranked as history and could have provided horrors and fascinations galore but for us history stopped abruptly with the outbreak of the French Revolution, and even before those tumbrils started excitedly to rattle over the cobbles. Day after day we sat solemnly at our desks and learnt dates. I defy anybody to get a crumb of comfort or intellectual stimulus from 'English regain Madras (1749)' or 'Siege of Dantzic (1734)'. When we had learnt enough dates for the time being, we learnt the terms of the Treaty of Ulm (1620) and I really cannot recommend them to you. Despair was everywhere, with not a laugh to be had and not even my friend Williamson, normally a determined chuckler, could manage a half smile when informed by the master that next day we were to 'tackle' Cromwell's 'Rump'.

And thus it is that the world's most sensational events — Death of Mahomet, invention of the Spinning-Jenny, De Ruyter's Fleet in the Thames (the *cheek* of it!), that business in Boston Harbour and stout Cortes conquering Mexico (pronounced, I understand, Mehico) — still leave me quite tremendously cold but I do have to confess to a slight and perverse penchant for the mini-facts of history, those tiny happenings that for me have a piquancy all their own. For example, is it still remembered that when in 1889 the Queen of Hawaii was invited to a tea-party at Lambeth Palace with the wife of Archbishop Benson, she had to be dissuaded, by a warning gesture hastily made by an equerry, from dunking her sponge cake in her tea-cup. How delightfully the event relives itself in the imagination — the wafer-thin bread-and-butter, the splendid array of home-made goodies, the gleaming silver tea-pot, the 'Do try a piece of sponge, Your Majesty' from Mrs Benson (or did she, as hostesses sometimes do, say 'I can recommend the sponge?'), the steaming Earl Grey in the delicate Rock-

ingham cup, the dusky little finger crooked and the sudden longing, for monarchs are but human, to dunk. Then the warning look and move, the anxious moment and the final and wise decision not to dunk, for nobody, queens or lesser people, looks at their best while manipulating into the mouth a wedge of soggy and dripping cake.

I expect that I hardly need to remind you that we owe the graphic verb 'to dunk' to, as we owe so much else that is vivid and spirited in our language, America. With them, a Dunker is a member of a sect of German-American Baptists who practise, and could anything be more thorough, triple immersion, thus proving how incorrect it is to hold that, when in bathing difficulties, it is fatal to go down for the third time. And while we're on the subject, the German word for 'to dip' is *tunken*, which just about wraps the whole matter up.

I am not myself at all keen on dunking. With me, Simnel and Typhoo, Dundee and Mazawattee, remain separate and each goes down the red lane unaccompanied. Nor am I very fond of observing others dunking, particularly secret dunkers; those who insert a mouthful of bread or cake and then deceitfully sip either tea or wine and fancy that their displeasing practice has gone unnoticed. One does not care to think of the slobbery result within. The most brazen dunkers, and brazen in many other matters too, are of course male frogs, with their vast hunks of *pain* (bread) or *croissant* (croissant) sloshed into those huge cups of milky coffee and then steered safely past the moustache and into harbour. And second in the Dunking Stakes must come that delightful race, so splendid in every other way, the Americans. I suppose that it is possible for an American to eat an undunked doughnut but I have yet to see it happen, and they go in for those round and ring-shaped ones that are more suitable dunking material than our brown and sugary lumps, the makers of which seem to vie with each other to insert the smallest possible dollop of jam; and seldom in the centre at that. But even I have dunked, for in childhood what was nicer than fingers of bread and butter dunked in the yolk of a really runny boiled egg?

But to return, as return I intend, to history, I'm planning to have, before it's too late, another go at both our island and world stories. Perhaps Canute, who invented paddling, has something exciting to offer, having succeeded in dethroning (in 1013, and how freshly the dear old dates come up) Ethelred the Unready, and you can say that again, and then bringing over from Denmark, and could nepotism go further, his father, Sweyn (say it, I suppose, SWAIN), to rule. I dare say that if one only knew where to look, the Diet of Worms has charm and interest of its own. I have still a childhood history book, a sort of Told to the Kiddies, which, for reasons of space, abbreviates names after first stating them in full. Thus Frederick the Great soon appears as Fred. the Great, and this, as with Nap. and Well. makes them seem more human and accessible. Queen Vic. ascends the throne in 1837 and is later shown to be very far from keen on her Prime Minister, Glad. In next to no time, the already-mentioned Ethelred is Ethel to everybody and Sir Philip Sidney is just plain Sid. What could be chummier? □

LETTERS

The Fabians & Labour's history

It is surprising that so distinguished a member of the Fabian Society as Professor Peter Townsend (Letters 15 May) should be so ignorant of its history.

He asserts that 'Throughout its history the Society has existed to further the cause of the Labour Party...' But the Society was founded in 1884, and the Labour Party only in 1900; and as its first secretary and historian wrote, 'For several years (after 1900) the Fabian Society did not greatly concern itself with the Labour Party.' (p. 150 of E. R. Pease, *History of the Fabian Society*). In 1906 one member of the Executive Committee, Percy Alden, was a Liberal Member of Parliament (ibid, p. 172).

Henry Pelling, *St John's College, Cambridge*

Workers' co-ops

The letters from Norman Watson and Alan Taylor (NS 15 May) prompt me to write to put on record the Agency's view on local co-operative development agencies, or groups. It is that it welcomes their emergence and wherever possible would wish to work with and through them, to use them and to be used by them. It is, of course, for each group to determine its own role.

But in the Agency's experience, it is most valuable when a group can provide effective practical advice to people in the locality who want to start co-operatives. In this respect, the Northern Region Co-operative Development Association is a model; and it is a matter of great regret to me that anything should have been said which might imply otherwise.

On 6 May, in a debate in the House of Lords, the Chairman of the Agency, Lord Oram, said of local co-operative development groups, that he saw it as a sign of hope in the present industrial gloom that there were some 20 or 30 groups round the country who were devising co-operative schemes of considerable variety.

This is the Agency's position. D. G. C. Lawrence, Director, Co-operative Development Agency, 20 Albert Embankment, SE1

Labour's grassroots

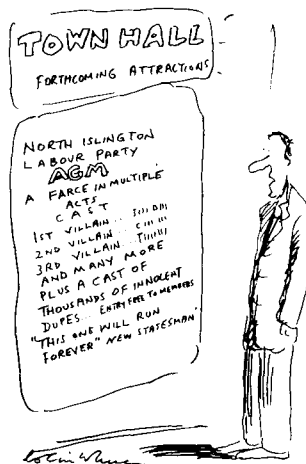
In his 2-page article on the defection of six North Islington councillors to the Social Democrats, Bruce Page argued that our constituency Labour Party was one of the 'most wizened, weed-strewn areas' in the country, and hinted at the SD's 'first grassroots triumph' (NS 27.3.81). The GLC election result shatters his claims and predictions.

The 17.1 per cent swing to Labour in North Islington was the third highest in London. Labour's Steve Bundred polled 10,407, the Social Democrat only 2,505. Significantly, the combined Tory/SDA vote was some six per cent down on that received by the Tories alone in '77.

Bruce Page reported that the right-dominated executive of North Islington Labour Party had failed to shortlist left-winger Steve

Bundred for the GLC candidacy because in 1978 Bundred had 'diabolically insulted' councillor Jim Evans, one of the SD six. The facts may help shed light on the spurious claims of the six to grassroots support.

In 1977 a group of tenants from a dilapidated council estate applied to join Evans's ward Labour Party as part of a campaign to get the council to demolish their estate and rehouse them. Evans had opposed demolition and was aware that the tenants might oppose him. He and his supporters therefore blocked their membership on grounds that they were 'out to undermine the council's housing programme'. Bundred circulated a leaflet explaining what had happened. For this 'diabolical insult' he was dropped from the shortlist for the 1978 borough council elections. The Labour Party regional executive reinstated him, and later selected him as GLC candidate.



Describing the North Islington AGM in March, Page referred to a first meeting being abandoned due to 'ballots not tallying' and implied that the left pulled a fast one by reconvening it on a Saturday afternoon, when many right-wing transport union delegates were unable to attend. The facts tell a different story.

At the first AGM, a large number of new union delegates were unexpectedly announced, including five from TGWU branch 1/723 and four from TGWU 1/725. The new delegates from these 'building worker' branches, all right-wingers, included Bernadette O'Halloran, daughter of MP Michael O'Halloran and a nurse; and constituency secretary Morgan Lear who works as an architect for Islington council and belongs to NALGO. The left narrowly elected Maureen Leigh as party president. With time running out it was moved that the AGM be reconvened the following Wednesday, but a filibuster by the right prevented the vote being taken. After the meeting, Maureen Leigh obtained approval from Labour Party headquarters for a reconvened AGM on Saturday 21 March.

In the interval, the left contacted the TGWU and discovered that the 1/725 branch was a public services branch based in Twickenham which has never been affiliated to NILP, while 1/723 had not paid its affiliation fee to North Islington for two years, so could not send delegates. Confronted with this

evidence Morgan Lear arrived at the reconvened AGM with a letter of resignation from the Labour Party and a list of apologies for non-attendance which included all the bogus TGWU delegates. Thus, Page's talk of the 'supreme tactical difficulty for the right's transport workers' had nothing to do with shift work and everything to do with the fact that they had been rumbled!

Finally, Page claimed that the 'terminal dispute' which brought about the defection of the six came over their opposition to Islington council's 33 per cent rent rise. In fact, the Labour Party throughout the borough is against the rent rise and 50,000 leaflets have been distributed as part of our grass roots campaign against it. If the six were so 'wholly and indelibly opposed to any increases in rents for council housing' why did they not join in? Perhaps the only type of campaign they feel at home with is in the pages of the press. How better to get there than with a 'sensational' split; the pity is that Bruce Page obliged.

Mick Sullivan, Press Officer, North Islington Labour Party, 110 Hornsey Lane Estate, N19

The importance of the ethnic vote

Mike Phillips is right to draw attention to the significance of the election of blacks and Asians to County Councils in 1981 (NS 15 May). With the exception of David Pitt, who sat on both the London County Council and the Greater London Council for many years, the Labour Party has appeared to do very little to demonstrate to the ethnic groups how important their involvement is in electoral representation at county and parliamentary levels.

But I am puzzled by Mike Phillips's statement: 'After the election defeats of Lord Pitt, specially the traumatic Fulham by-election during the Wilson administration, Labour has seen blacks as election losers'. The facts are that in 1959, in Hampstead, Henry Brooke's majority was reduced by David Pitt and Brooke did worse, electorally, than any other Cabinet Minister in that election. In 1970 it is undoubtedly true that David Pitt's colour was a handicap. The other handicap was that he was adopted after the election was under way.

But the vital factor in all this is that the Party itself has changed its attitude in relation to colour. After Gaitskill's stand against the 1962 Commonwealth Immigrants' Act, the 1964 Labour Government stood on its head and introduced 1965 White Paper which reduced the number of immigrants allowed in from the Commonwealth. Again in 1968 it introduced the squalid East African Asian Act. And the last Labour administration failed to repeal the 1971 Tory Immigration Act as it had pledged itself to do.

But the Government got the backing of conference on the 1965 White Paper and the 1968 East African Asian Act. I doubt if they would do so today. For the crucial factor is that the Party has at long last begun to stand up on the question of race. It has stopped

running away; it has stopped deferring to other people's prejudices. And the message is getting home to ethnic groups and we should rejoice.

The Party has a job to do to ensure that those who were in any way responsible for the errors of past years and who now take a different stand are kept to this stand when the next Labour administration is in office. For it is on this we will be judged and I doubt if we will be given, or deserve to be given another chance by the ethnic groups in our society. Joan Lester MP, House of Commons

Tackling the NUS

I notice with some amusement the attempt of Paul Mercer (Letters 15 May) to reduce the fiasco that was this year's FCS national conference to the level of an over-reaction to NUS Annual Conference. I would like to contrast his view with some of those expressed within a recent meeting of Sheffield University Conservative Association, which was, incidentally, the host Association for this year's conference.

One delegate reported: 'At least four people there were members of fascist parties from the Manchester area'. He then went on to add: 'There was documentary evidence to suggest two of these were members of the NF.' In reply to this another delegate of a more right-wing disposition replied: 'They can be a member of both organisations.' Yet another delegate reported: 'Under the old constitution it was possible to allow a student or other member of FCS from colleges other than the constituent college on whose behalf they attended as delegates.' What he failed to add is that constitution is still in force.

While one often hears of the 'lunatic Left' or 'evil subversives' and the lack of democracy within the Labour Party, one never hears of fascism or neo-fascism within FCS and its serious lack of democracy. For this reason the NS article serves as a valuable means of redressing the balance. G. M. Morris, Earnshaw Hall, Endcliffe Crescent, Sheffield

Irving v Bird

I have just started to read David Irving's response to your review of his recent book (NS 8 May). I have stopped again at the second sentence ('Foreign students spit on him'), because I understand that Mr Irving made a similar remark on a visit to this university a few weeks ago, and it puzzles me.

Would Mr Irving please explain (1) how he knows whether the student(s) who spat on him were 'foreign' or not and (2) why the 'nationality of the person(s) concerned is of any significance to the issue? I, for one, would dislike being spat upon by anybody. Christopher Clark, Lecturer in History, University of York, Heslington, York

Ed. note: In common with most other newspapers and magazines we reserve the right to shorten readers' letters to save space. We ask readers who feel strongly that their letters should be printed in full, or not at all, to say so when writing to us.

BOOKS & ARTS

Who creates contemporary culture? Frank Kermode, editor of the Fontana Modern Masters series, looks at a new guide.

Who's in; who's out

AMONG THE 527 Makers of Modern Culture, it seems, are Watson but not Crick, Melanie Klein but not Anna Freud, Ransom but not Tate, Sidney Hook but not C.S. Peirce, Thomas but not Robert Merton, Milton but not Irving Babbitt, Howard Hawks but not John Hawkes, Edmund but not Angus Wilson, Aldous but not Julian Huxley. Bachelard makes it, but not Bataille; Whorf, Chomsky and Jakobson but not Hjelmslev, Troubestskoy or Benveniste; Vidal but not Spark; Adler, Szasz and Winnicott ('Winnecott' in the index) but not Fairbairn, N.O. Brown, Binswanger ('Bingswanger' in the index) or Gregory Bateson. Rupert Brooke is here, but not Gottfried Benn, Germaine Greer but not Gombrich, Auerbach or Curtius. Intellectual historians are not very welcome, nor are politicians unless either very wicked or very revolutionary, or perhaps very unlucky: Mao and Ho and Guevara are in, and so are Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini, but the only US President is Kennedy. Churchill fails to intervene between Chomsky and Cleaver, De Gaulle between Debussy and De Kooning.

Mr Wintle's collection adds up to 1170 columns, about 600,000 words, so if it's any good at all it must be thought cheap at the price. There are 246 contributors, averaging about two Makers apiece; their names stand under the entries, prefixed, where appropriate, by their titles (Professor, Dr), though of those who appear nakedly as John Doe I notice a few who are merely being unassuming. Mr (Dr?) Wintle does not seem to have written any entry himself; perhaps he was kept busy with the editing, certainly a vast job, and it's not surprising that there are mistakes in cross-referencing. The index isn't perfect, but nicely invents a German theologian called Martin Dibelius Bultmann — if you read the Bultmann entry you can see how this came about. It isn't altogether amazing, either, that the editorial head occasionally nodded over the contributors' prose. Some write as if they had not the least expectation that they would ever be read, especially by people who actually wanted to find out something about the subject — Adorno, for instance. The entry on Althusser is so dismissive that one wonders why he was let in at all. But it is not only the hard men who suffer; a professor writes virtually indecipherable sentences in his piece on Buster Keaton.

The editor also lets pass some unhappy cadences — writing articles of this kind can be boring, and it sometimes shows in the vacuous relief of a final sentence. For example, this of Kennedy: 'What he had managed to do, and what happened to him for doing it, showed how much he had actually accomplished.' Of Bonnard: 'Bon-

nard understood love and he understood the pleasure it can give and though he may well have been a man of the nineteenth century he well understood the need for such sentiments in the new machine age.' Of Pinter: 'The plays of Harold Pinter bear witness to truth and their essential "influence" is witnessed daily.' The weirdly evangelical pointlessness of this is enhanced by the inverted commas round 'influence', and is worthy of an author who can say, in discussing Pinter's plots, that 'a slight ache anticipates the blindness that occurs with the admission of a voiceless tramp matchseller to a seemingly complacent middle-class household.' It helps a little if you know that *A Slight Ache* is the title of a play, but the editor had already given up on this one, and was presumably too weary to strike out the whole thing. Of Augustus John (otherwise fortunate in his author, who knows how to write): 'His death...marked the end of an era, but the era had vanished first'; and so to this failed attempt to stare down a cliché: 'Like a Canute, John held up his hand to halt the tide of prowling industrialism.'

As I've already suggested, few writers sit down to this kind of task in a mood of inspiration, which is why the editor needs to be especially vigilant. He ought to be able to spot all the dangling modifiers, the wayward 'due to's', the schlock of the hack. 'Never an easy follower, Leach and Lévi-Strauss were often critical of each other,' babbles the author of the Leach entry, which also inaccurately credits Sir Edmund with the abolition of high table at King's.

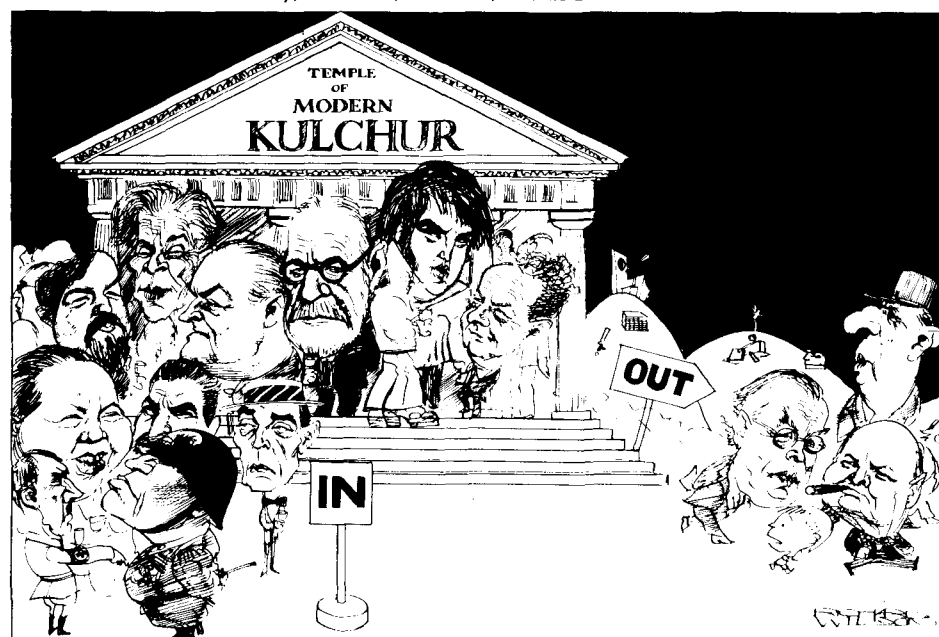
The editor may have nodded here and there, but had all his wits about him when he wrote his introduction. The book, he says, is 'simply intended to be useful'. Culture, he

maintains, is best studied in terms of individuals rather than of movements or doctrines. He wanted his contributors to express themselves freely, and imposed no uniformity of style. With certain exceptions he excludes politicians, performing artists and 'scientists who are remembered more for research than conceptualization' and so failed the Kuhnian test: they didn't alter a paradigm. He accepts responsibility for deciding who should be in or out. Discrepancies of length, he adds, are not to be taken as indications of relative status; contributors had to deal with 'different degrees of complexity and output'.

PERMISSIVE though all this sounds, it still implies a degree of control that won't be found in the book. The entry on Adorno, for example, hails him as 'one of the century's most complex thinkers', but he gets less space than the relatively lucid Popper, to say nothing of more transparent figures such as Timothy Leary and Raymond Chandler. Most people find Heidegger quite tricky, but he rates two columns as against, say, the three of Leroi Jones and Gurdjieff. The editor would probably deny that these comparisons have any bearing at all on what he takes Modern Culture to be; but that is the trouble. The best inference I can make on the evidence of his selections is that the Makers of it are most likely to be film directors (Stan Brakhage, for instance, beats Heidegger and Husserl) or avant-garde and pop musicians (Britten lags behind Cage and Bob Dylan, Tippett behind Britten, and Walton isn't even a runner) or feminist (Millett licks Heidegger) or heavily into drugs (lots of space for Kesey, Kerouac and Leary).

So the editor's notion of Culture is on the shadowy or enigmatic side. He includes a fair amount of popular material — Presley, the Rolling Stones, plenty of jazz; and some representatives of a less radical chic: Cecil Beaton, Coco Chanel. But large omissions make this attempt to broaden the definition of culture seem very half-hearted. Where, for example, are the Goons and Monty Python, not to speak of Handley and Hancock; where are the TV popularisers with

Clockwise from bottom left: included in — Hitler and Mussolini, Mao, Stalin and Buster Keaton, Debussy, Aldous Huxley, Edmund Wilson, Freud, Elvis Presley, Benjamin Britten; included out — Julian Huxley, de Gaulle, Churchill, Charlie Brown.



Makers of Modern Culture edited by Justin Wintle Routledge £12.50

New Statesman 22 May 1981

their millions of followers: Bronowski, Clark, Attenborough? Where is Ayn Rand, where Charlie Brown? What about the chat and interview shows, Cavett and Bragg? We may not care for all these things, but they have more formative power than Brakhage, and so for that matter had Sam Goldwyn; and so had Lord Reith, and so had William Glock at the Proms, and so has Peter Hall at the National.

It is true that on any strict definition of the word, these men don't bend paradigms, but they do change the cultural focus of vast numbers of people; and many would claim that other names one could add to the list above — Balanchine and Ashton, for instance — do promote more radical changes. However, it seems clear that none of the criteria named in the introduction was rigorously applied; the proportions of the dictionary are to a considerable extent fortuitous. No doubt the editor ordained that the longest entries should be devoted to Freud, Lukács, Lévi-Strauss and Brecht; perhaps he decreed that Henry Moore should be treated more briefly than Warhol or Beuys; that Donald Davie, quoted in praise of C.H. Sisson, should himself be excluded; that Kerouac and Mary MacCarthy should dwarf Henry Green and Forster, and McLuhan Wyndham Lewis. Or perhaps he didn't. Some contributors are verbose and some perverse. The entry on Anthony Powell mentions no novel earlier than *The Music of Time*. Some are useless — as when we are told that Lacan's 'interpretation of psychosis as the foreclosure of the Name-of-the-Father is essential to the subsequent development of his conception of the subject' without further light on the Name-of-the-Father. The editor lets these things lie. Sometimes he is blest in his choices — J.Q. Merquior on Benjamin, Valentine Cunningham in a set of highly competent entries. Sometimes translators let him down, as in the Lévi-Strauss entry. There is not much quality control, and not much definition of Culture.

COMPILATIONS of this kind are of course very vulnerable to the kind of sniping I've been doing, and could go on doing. The final question must be whether this one is, as it hopes to be, useful. It will not provide any sharp idea of Modern Culture. There are kinds of information you might reasonably seek but will not find in it (nothing on Kristeva, Sollers, Macherey or the *nouveaux philosophes*, a rather half-hearted little piece on Derrida). There is too much perfunctory writing, and too much that has been done by authors who stay within their own understandings of the matter in hand, instead of emerging with explanations, which after all are the point; nobody is going to look here for an account of some difficult modern author if he is already sufficiently well-informed to understand this kind of writing. And yet it should be said, in conclusion, that the book does seem to have some utility. The biographies of persons I know something about in detail seem correct on matters of fact, and are followed by useful (not perfect) bibliographies. Given the kind of culture we have, this is probably the kind of account of its Makers we ought to expect, and I know perfectly well that I shall quite often look things up in it.

Basil Davidson

Things need not fall apart

My Command by GENERAL OLUSEGUN OBASANJO *Heinemann Educational* £8.50
The Nigerian Revolution and the Biafran War by GENERAL ALEXANDER MADIEBO *Fourth Dimension Publishing Co., Enugu*, no UK price

The *kaffeeklatsch* of classical Athens may have been right about there being always something new from Africa: hadn't Herodotus, after all, remarked that 'the names of nearly all the gods came to Greece from Egypt'? But it is in any case a thought that must now occur, with whatever regret, to Margaret Thatcher. For Africa, as it happens, has set the scene of two of her more vertiginous U-turns. She has had to learn from a Nigerian spokesman that comprehensive elections were required for any useful peace in Rhodesia/Zimbabwe, and then accept Robert Mugabe, the man whom she and her government for long opposed with the greatest possible determination. A little earlier, in December 1979, she was eagerly assuring a New York audience that there was now a 'real chance' of making 'progress towards an ending of the isolation of South Africa in world affairs'. Alas for that; in March 1981 she was nonetheless having to applaud a speech by President Shagari of Nigeria in which that State visitor preached, and very precisely, the need for a much greater isolation of the *apartheid* system.

WHAT IS new about all this, of course, is not misjudgment by ministers living in the colonial past, for that is an old African story, but the emergence of Nigeria as an economic giant. Whether to the export of British investment capital or of British manufacturers, Nigeria is now far more valuable than South Africa, while Washington may yet find occasion to note with care that Nigeria is also the sixth largest exporter of crude oil. Furthermore, this most populous of Africa's countries has achieved a foreign policy of its own, and seems quite likely to stick with it.

These are facts which relate to a less foreseeable development. In spite of great upheavals, Nigeria is still Nigeria. Its many nationalities have remained together. There is even, now, every prospect of continued federal unity. Fresh storms may be brewing, but their divisive power seems little more than a shadow from the past. Nigeria today consists of 18 federated states, each with much autonomy but all with a more practical interest in staying together than in breaking apart. That was certainly not true of the 'first federation' of four regions, lasting from 1960 till the breakdown of parliamentary rule in 1966 and the civil war of a year later. Yet the Nigeria which came out of that war, the 'Biafran' war, with a remarkably tolerant peace-making by the federal side, was one that evidently pushed behind it

any further thought of secession.

General Madiebo's book is itself evidence of this most probable truth. Though commander of the Biafran army till the very end, he is able to publish his book in Enugu, one of the centres of the 'Biafran' idea and secession, without any apparent hesitation about what he may write. It is very much a commanding officer's book, anxious to explain his battles and why he won some of them and could possibly avoid losing others, while leaving political implications and analyses considerably in the air. But his occasional frankness, and the insights that he gained from the position that he held, will make much of what he says of lasting interest to historians.

Hard on its heels comes another commander's book from the same war, but this time from the winning side. General Obasanjo took over command of the federal marine-commando division at a critical juncture, and led it to complete success, afterwards becoming Nigeria's head of state in the wake of the murder of General Muhammed by an apparent lunatic. His political analysis emerges as much more coherent than Madiebo's, and, with a characteristic generosity, he dedicates his memoir to 'the unknown heroes on both sides of the Nigerian civil war'. But generally, and in so far as commanding officers can ever explain what really happened on any battlefield, these two books make a useful pair. They round off the military story.

THEY greatly help, moreover, towards a fuller understanding of the political story. The 'Biafran' people — that is to say, the majority Igbo of the old Eastern Region as distinct from the large non-Igbo minorities living in that Region's coastal districts — went to war in defence of their lives. Wild killing of Igbos living outside their Region had made sure of that. Yet the war continued, as both books make clear by statement or by implication, because the 'Biafran élite' led by General Ojukwu were determined to have their own 'national' independence, at no matter what cost to the people they were supposed to be defending.

General Madiebo is hard on that 'élite'. He writes that 'Biafra never had a government but merely operated under a leader'; its 'revolutionary aims' — security, democracy, and the rest — were 'lost soon after [the war] started'. Careerism and personal intrigue, one gathers, were a constant of 'Biafran' leadership. What was presented to the world as a gallant fight for decent survival became, increasingly, a personal drive for spoils and privilege.

General Obasanjo reaches much the same conclusion. Now retired from public life to the groves of Abeokuta, a pleasant town by any measure, he might have written a boring general's book. As it is, he outdoes Madiebo in his plain speaking. He vividly discusses, for example, the collapse of federal army morale in 1968 when as many as half his casualties were from self-inflicted wounds. He argues, and convincingly, that the position was little different on the 'Biafran' side, and that the greatest obstacle to ending the war in 1968 was French moral and material aid 'for the 'Biafran' leadership, aimed in fact at securing a French hold on 'Biafra's' offshore oil.

Though concerned to heal old wounds and pass lightly over old offences, Obasanjo is also hard on the 'Biafran élite' but above all on Ojukwu, for whom he has an understandable contempt: 'arrogant, power-hungry, ruthless, selfish', and guilty in the end of 'treacherous deceit' to those who had followed him. Yet it is not only the 'Biafran' élite that make his target. 'For the present,' he roundly charges, 'Nigerian intellectuals and élites are the worst pedlars of tribalism and destructive conflicts and politics for their personal aggrandisement.' I never heard any general or potentate say anything like that before. Others, please copy.

Christopher Hitchens

True grit

Cockburn Sums Up by CLAUD COCKBURN
Quartet £8.50

Father figures should be approached gingerly. When I was at school, my furtive practices included reading Claud Cockburn. One would conceal a copy of *Private Eye* inside an issue of the *New Statesman* (or, with one or two masters in mind, and on the rare occasions when he wrote for it, a copy of the *New Statesman* inside a copy of the *Economist*). Later there were the memoirs to be devoured — *In Time of Trouble*, which built into a trilogy and was condensed under the awesome and inapposite title of *I, Claud*. Patricia Cockburn produced a companion volume about the stirring Thirties and the subversive triumph that was *The Week*. Somewhere along this line I decided that I wanted to be a journalist.

Of course, as one grew sulkily to manhood, one became wised up. Cockburn, the features editor would say, is living in the past. The Thirties were all very well, but a chap can't live on the same old anecdotes for ever. Anyway, the man's a rank Stalinist. And he's actually proud of having told lies for his propaganda causes. There seemed many sleeker models on which to base a career, or at any rate design a living.

And yet...I have had some vicious arguments with the old man, especially about Spain, Orwell, the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, the true nature of Malcolm Muggeridge and other questions that beguile the drinking classes. I have shuddered at some of his recollections and some of his judgments (in this very volume he speaks of Rajani Palme Dutt as a 'brilliant thinker'). But, unlike so many who went through the same fires, Cockburn has not lost the faculties that made him a great journalist in the first place. He is, to apply his own favourite test, a Dreyfusard. He is for putting down the mighty from their seats, and the pompous and hypocritical as well. He will go a long way into no man's land for a friend, even if the friend is a consecrated buffoon like Muggeridge, or a wicked intellectual like Palme Dutt. I don't think that we have so many such people that we can afford not to salute the quality when we see it.

Cockburn Sums Up is a distillation of the earlier memoirs, with some 'value added' in

the form of two new chapters. There is a marvellous description of an evening with Beaverbrook which should be read by all those who have ever fallen for the A.J.P. Taylor and Michael Foot whitewash job. As Cockburn puts it:

I, for my part, was obscurely depressed and even shocked by the realisation that Lord Beaverbrook, who had for so long played so important a role... in British political life, should prove, on personal acquaintance, to be a person of such laboriously spiteful triviality as he had this evening shown himself to be.

I should very much like to know, and I still think I can guess, who is the 'prominent politician of the Left' whose wife once indignantly shouted at Cockburn when he queried the man's relationship with Beaverbrook:

Never a penny in cash has John had from Max. Hotel bills, hospital bills, a holiday on the yacht, maybe. But never a penny in cash.

Richard Ingrams has striven for years to prove the contrary, but there is a kind of affinity between muck-raking gossip and radical politics. Claud Cockburn has always been unashamed of his liking for scandal — he has nothing in common with the hairshirt left and makes nonsense of the theory that puritanism and socialism are twins. He is also, and this may be explained by his origins in a more spacious generation, an



Claud Cockburn 1961: father figure and Dreyfusard

optimist. Optimism is rather frowned on these days. We have a culture of defeat and betrayal to console us. Cockburn has known his fair share of both, but he does not repine. He really does believe that humanity can improve itself by its own efforts, and that the big battalions are not invincible. In that sense he belongs to the great tradition. His final chapter, on his own battle with cancer, reflects an unquenchable humanism with more moral strength than any religious doggerel. He would not thank me at all for saying so, but he does remind me of Orwell's characterisation of Dickens — a man generously angry.

John Spurling

Middle-class empire

Revolutionary Empire by ANGUS CALDER
Cape £16.50

In all his 800 closely-packed pages Angus Calder never quite justifies his title. Was the British Empire more revolutionary than any other? Certainly its first phase incorporated the English 17th-century political revolution and ended with the American and the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution; certainly it transformed the world on a grander scale than previous empires. But was it, as the title implies, a new kind of empire? It may be that Calder doesn't yet feel ready to answer this fundamental question — he promises two further volumes to cover the British Empire and American expansion after 1780; more likely, overwhelmed with the fruits of his research and anxious to tell the whole constantly ramifying story in as much detail as possible, he discovered the need for an overview only when choosing his title. The British Empire was a random, improvisatory affair, a growth rather than a construction, and we are still too much in its shadow to make more than provisional judgments about it.

Calder's, however, is a peculiarly floor-level approach, nearer that of the journalist than of the historian. His book is divided into sections which range over the whole empire in space but only one or two generations in time and, although, as he says, his main characters are often called Spices, Tobacco, Sugar, Tea or Cotton, all events, all statistics, all heroes are measured on the human scale. The great myths of Empire — the Black Hole, Plassey, Quebec, the Boston Tea-Party — still loom large in the narrative, but Calder is at pains to examine them thoroughly, what led up to them and what actually happened. Usually he ends up by endorsing their importance, just as when cutting heroes down to size — Washington, Franklin, Wolfe, Clive, the awesome family Pitt — he makes no attempt to deprive them of their leading roles in the action.

THE RESULT is to give his book — in spite of its immense scope in time and space — a familiar and enticing immediacy, as if we were reading about our own fumbling politicians, vain generals and greedy merchants instead of those marble exemplars of the mighty past; yet, because Calder has not attempted to gain the longer view and is therefore dependent on existing patterns of thought about the empire, nothing and no-one is seriously displaced. All, like the briefly animated ancestors in *Ruddigore*, sink back into their stiff and stately poses within the old frame of history.

Because the book is so specifically addressed to us, now — the half-remembering Adams and Eves and almost wholly ignorant Cains and Abels for whom that paradise of power and exploitation is lost — it makes a point of including curious nuggets

of information, such as the origins of 'buck' and 'guinea', of the military red coat and the banknote and the reasons why the better-off preferred the west side of London or the British suddenly emerged as leading technologists towards the end of the 17th century (they began by making superior clocks). There are also sly reflections of ourselves or our neighbours in the mirror of the past. In the mid-18th century Ulster immigrants to America began massacring Indians in order to secure their land and Calder remarks: 'Irish traditions of genocide found new expression in a New World.' Of Benjamin Franklin's outstanding success as the first American ambassador to Paris, Calder writes acidly: 'He dressed in Quaker fashion, in public, lived in private luxury, and flirted, despite his advanced age, with pretty noblewomen. The art of American public relations was coeval with the infant republic.'

Himself a Scot, Calder includes Ireland, Wales and Scotland among the colonial acquisitions of England and follows their separate histories alongside those of Amer-

ica, Canada, India and the West Indies; but he is not at all soft on his own countrymen and makes it clear that if England in certain ways dominated Scotland and often treated its Highlanders as cannon-fodder, individual Scots in their turn dominated both England and its empire. Indeed one reason he gives for America breaking with Britain is that 'England, it seemed, had been taken over by liberty-hating Scots'.

For all its enormous bulk and mainly because of its formidable wealth of detail — though in the parts dealing with America the detail is uncharacteristically and perhaps inescapably confusing — *Revolutionary Empire* is worth anybody's time and money, as hard to put down, one might say, as it is to balance on one's knee. I look forward to its sequels, even if they fail to answer that fundamental question, since I think I can answer it myself. The British Empire was a new kind of empire, in that it was first created and then shaped by an upsurge of middle-class energy and zeal, more or less in spite of its central government. It was a displaced revolution.

for example — without any sign of self-conscious striving:

Oblique light on the trite, on brick and tile —
Immaculate masonry, and everywhere that
Water tap, that broom and wooden pail
To keep it so. House-proud, the wives
Of artisans pursue their thrifty lives
Among scrubbed yards, modest but adequate.
Foliage is sparse, and clings. No breeze
Ruffles the trim composure of those trees.

The creative tension between two different kinds of discourse in Mahon's work is paralleled by one in Rodney Pybus's new collection *The Loveless Letters*. But Pybus never quite manages to negotiate a truce between what he calls the 'creature of imagination' and the more analytic 'will'. His poems pursue a zig-zag course between lush descriptions and relatively sparse expositions. The latter often have an engagingly ironical self-awareness, but the former get most attention, particularly when Pybus is writing about Australia. The country's colour and climate produce serious verbal overheating: wind is 'a succulent cadence/weaved among the flicker/of exhausted leaves', and 'the speckled glow of herbaceous borders/prinks the grey-green cyclorama of the Bush'.

Pybus is clearly aware that this kind of fine writing causes problems, and has tried various ways of reducing its excesses. The most interesting is the long narrative title poem, which is comprised of imaginary letters from George Loveless — the exiled leader of the Tolpuddle Martyrs — to his 'Dear, distant wife' in England. But the opportunities for restraint and pragmatism that the received story might provide are never fully exploited. Historical details are almost invariably set aside in favour of personal sorrow — which encourages poetising:

I take out my name and polish it
like a piece of glass to view this world by,
the radiant caprice of it; the sunstruck quartz
too waterless for words. The meaning
shimmers
the far side of night.

When Loveless eventually returns from 'the wrong end of the world', he finds that his home is now itself 'a foreign country'. It is, to an extent, the pangs of exile which prompt him (and, it seems reasonable to assume, Pybus as well) to speak of England in ornate, hyperbolic terms. Peter Bland, who emigrated to New Zealand in 1954 and came back 15 years later, has had to grapple with a similar temptation. But instead of encouraging exuberant flights of fancy, isolation seems to have inhibited him. The poems in *Stone Tents* which deal with his exile appear willed and imaginatively dull — as if he will not let the theme take him unawares. This is particularly noticeable in his historical poem 'Beginnings':

Who am I? I am the one sheep
that must not get lost. So
I name names — rocks, flowers, fish:
knowing this place I learn to know myself.

When Bland writes about England he is just as watchful of his subject, but is more susceptible to surprises. 'I am blessed by the roots of the everyday', he says, 'by the

Andrew Motion looks at some recently published poetry

Facing two ways

Courtyards in Delft by DEREK MAHON *Gallery Books* £4.50 & £1.80

The Loveless Letters by RODNEY PYBUS *Chatto* £3.95

Stone Tents by PETER BLAND *London Magazine Editions* £3.50

**ABCDEFGH IJKLM NOPQRST
UVWXYZ** by THOMAS M. DISCH *Anvil* £3.25

Two years ago Derek Mahon published what he called the 'selected collected' edition of his poems. It was, he said, 'in some senses, a first book, the kind of thing you put behind you before proceeding to the real business of learning and trying to create'. Understandably, he was uncertain about what this 'real business' might produce. Apart from outlawing 'impertinent rhetoricism', he was content simply to advertise himself as being 'at last in a position to begin'. *Courtyards in Delft* contains the first 14 results — and it's perhaps not surprising that their concerns are strikingly similar to those of his earlier work: the Troubles, the nature of human survival, the obstinate durability of 'mute phenomena', and the value of personal relationships. There is, though, a marked change in the manner of his new poems, if not in their matter. In the past, he has invariably worked best in one of two distinct styles: the cryptic-imagistic — often using details and devices reminiscent of Beckett — and the candid-explicitary. By combining the two in his most successful poem, 'A Disused Shed in Co Wexford', he made an exception to prove the rule: its images retain their elusive mystery in spite of being subject to his lucid analysis.

Most of the poems in *Courtyards in Delft* attempt to recreate this balance and fusion. But while still flickering quickly and

wittily from image to image, they also tend to use longer and more elaborate verse forms, and to argue their themes with greater deliberation. In 'Derry Morning', for instance:

Hard to believe this tranquil place,
Its desolation almost peace,
Was recently a boom-town wild
With expectation, each unscheduled
Incident a measurable
Tremor on the Richter Scale
Of world events, each vibrant scene
Translated to the drizzling screen.

The danger of this development, obviously, is that the poems will diminish the resonance of their themes by spelling them out too clearly. Mahon's intelligence preys on his lyric gift throughout the book, and, although he is too self-disciplined a writer to let it dominate absolutely, he has also become too self-aware to control it as potently as he did in 'A Disused Shed'.

There are a number of moments when Mahon seems, tacitly, to be asking himself whether he should persist with this line of development, or revert to the strategies and strengths of his earlier work. In 'Rathlin Island' he leaves 'Unsure among the pitching surfaces/Whether the future lies before us or behind'. Elsewhere this anxiety about his place in time is given a specifically local and historical dimension by the Troubles, which make the present 'insane/And monstrous'.

Noticing this dilemma helps to explain why three of the most arresting new poems deal with paintings. By depicting fixed moments in time, they offer refuge from flux at the same time as they highlight its difficulties. That is to say, they help him moderate his need to 'begin' again, and encourage him to write — in the title poem

source of love in the divine ordinary', but is also alert to 'the small excitements/ of material things'. The result is a series of brief observations of modern life which are always decently compassionate, even when he doesn't give himself much space to see under surfaces.

Thomas M. Disch has a more palpable design on the world around him. He doesn't so much record it as energetically recreate it — often as a science-fiction fantasy and nearly always as an elaborate verbal device. His 'passion for alphabetisation' produces jokes, surrealistic squibs, satires of circumstances and wry interrogations in forms ranging from the villanelle to *vers libre*. It's fun, but it's exhausting — and sometimes extremely slight:

When Autumn paints the woods with brown
and grey,
We know that Summer can't be far away;
And when Spring's buds and bright-hued flow-
ers appear,
We shudder, seeing Winter now so near.

In bulk, the poems' variety seems a sign of desperation: the more they chatter away, the more they raise doubts about their function and value. At various points Disch makes this explicit: 'You/try & touch/the seeming world/which shrinks/into a word that ceases', he admits, directing attention to the theme of transience which motivates almost all his high jinks. But while this goes a long way towards giving the book cohesion, he seldom stays with anything long enough to get the best from it. His restlessness creates a kind of entertaining inconsequentiality, and misrepresents the gravity with which he obviously views his subjects.

FICTION

Nicholas Shrimpton

Bond at 70

Licence Renewed by JOHN GARDNER *Cape/Hodder* £6.50

Loitering With Intent by MURIEL SPARK *Bodley Head* £6.50

A Start in Life by ANITA BROOKNER *Cape* £5.95

Watching Me Watching You by FAY WELDON *Hodder* £6.95

James Bond is a vampire. At least it's either that or he's on the monkey glands, for here he is, in *Licence Renewed*, striding insouciantly into the 1980s. Time has not withered our favourite secret agent, nor has custom staled his 57 varieties of up-market consumer product. He jogs nowadays, of course, and has cut down on the drinking. But left alone with a half-dressed heroine he responds in the old familiar manner, and he throws his Saab round a tight corner with undiminished zest.

Wait a moment. Throws his *what*? Where's the battleship grey Mark II Continental Bentley re-fitted with the Mark IV engine with 9.5 compression, two-inch twin exhausts and Mulliners hand-built coachwork? Where, for that matter, is the Wal-

ther PPK 7.65mm automatic in the Berns Martin Triple-draw holster or the Balkan and Turkish mixture cigarettes with the triple gold band from Morlands of Grosvenor Street? Gone, all gone, in the interests of ecology, efficiency, economy and health. At this rate his next comeback will show him drinking Lucozade, practising transcendental meditation, and driving a Hillman Imp.

Mind you, the old boy's lucky not to be driving an invalid carriage, given the age he must be now. Unhappily for Glidrose Publications Ltd, who seem determined to go on wringing blood from their stony ownership of the James Bond literary copyright, Ian Fleming was unwise enough to provide us with some dates. Bond, we're told in *Casino Royale*, bought the Mark II Continental's predecessor (the 4½-litre coupé with the supercharger by Amherst Villiers) almost new 'in 1933'. Doubtless a chap with his unusual talents both learned to drive and got rich at a comparatively early age. But even the most generous interpretation of that shrewdly prophetic move into the collector's car market leaves him pushing 70 and long overdue for a pension.

The stupid thing about such implausible longevity is that it is entirely unnecessary. What Glidrose Publications and their latest ghost, John Gardner, have failed to realise is that the charm of Bond is as strictly related to a sense of period as that of Sherlock Holmes or Philip Marlowe. He is, inevitably, a hero of the 1950s, trained in the SOE, committed to the Cold War, and radiating the incipient excitement of the consumer society. His clothes and meals and gadgets reflect a mass audience aspiring for the first time to physical luxury. And his cunningly mid-Atlantic manners are the apotheosis of the Pax Americana.

Removed from this distinctive environment, Bond is a fish out of water. The glamour shrivels, the self-indulgence becomes apologetic, and the atmosphere seems absurd.

Compared with this misconceived resurrection, the other fiction of the week positively glistens with intelligence. Muriel Spark, in *Loitering With Intent*, has produced a splendidly convoluted exercise in her best Gothic manner. The heroine, Fleur Talbot (no joke apparently intended), is a

struggling writer who, in the autumn of 1949, takes a job with a seedy outfit called the Autobiographical Association. The members are attempting to write candid memoirs and at first she suspects that it is a front for blackmail.

Both plot and theme, however, rapidly thicken. Fleur's novel-in-progress begins to reflect the affairs of the association. And at the same time the association seems to start acting out the sinister events of her novel. Which comes first, art or life? Who is responsible for the degeneration of this eccentric club into a suicidal quasi-religious cult, the shifty chairman or the well-meaning secretary who perhaps puts ideas into his head? *Loitering With Intent* is a delicious conundrum which combines an intriguing plot with some disturbing comments on the nature of fiction.

Anita Brookner's *A Start in Life* is a first novel. Fay Weldon's *Watching Me Watching You* is a collection of short stories, mostly published before, by a well established writer. Both are the sort of book which gives feminist writing a good name. *A Start in Life* sets the experience of a modern woman academic, working on Balzac, against the plot of *Eugénie Grandet*. The craftsmanship is, if anything, almost too sedulous. But it produces a very pungent fable about the sacrifice of daughters to the needs of their elderly parents. Fay Weldon's stories, whether slyly supernatural or baldly realistic, are fierce, funny, forthright and grossly unfair. Nobody could mistake their violent sense of *parti pris*. But if all literature with designs upon us were conducted with this vivacity and skill, we could easily get to like it.

Among this week's contributors:

FRANK KERMODE is King Edward VII Professor of English Literature and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. His most recent book is *The Genesis of Secrecy*.

ANDREW MOTION won the Arvon/*Observer* poetry prize earlier this year.

BASIL DAVIDSON's *No Fish is Big Enough to Hide the Sky: The Liberation of Guinea and Cap Verde* is due to be published by Zed Press in July.

JOHN SPURLING's play *The British Empire Part One* was produced by Birmingham Rep Studio last year.

Arts Council OF GREAT BRITAIN

Writers' Bursaries 1981/82

The Arts Council intends to award up to five bursaries to writers of outstanding literary quality who have a record of proven achievement. The bursaries will normally be given for the purpose of working on a specific project for a concentrated period of time. The value of the awards will vary, but is *unlikely* to exceed £7,500 in each case.

Nominations are invited from publishers, editors, literary agents and other sponsors, and application forms are available from: Literature Department, Ref. 04, Arts Council of Great Britain, 9 Long Acre, London WC2.

Closing date for completed applications is 30 June 1981.

Andrew Clements reviews new recordings of symphonies by Bruckner, Mozart, Haydn and others

Contrast in styles

WHERE ten years ago every record company was busying itself building up cycles of the Mahler symphonies, now it is Bruckner who seems to be so favoured. The catalogue at present lists only one complete set — the versions recorded by Haitink with the Concertgebouw Orchestra in the 1960s — but there are series in progress from both Karajan and Barenboim for Deutsche Grammophon, Solti for Decca and Jochum for EMI.

Jochum's promises to be the most significant; superb accounts of the eighth and first are already available, and now there is a seventh (EMI SLS 5194) that promises to sweep all before it. The single drawback is that, where most recordings of the seventh manage to include a substantial makeweight, Jochum is allotted one movement per side, spreading the symphony extravagantly across two records. Yet in a sense this only emphasises the amplitude and opulence of the performance. Jochum has recorded the work before — a bargain still available on mid-price Deutsche Grammophon — but there is a new spaciousness here. Each phrase is shaped as individually as before, but the placing of pauses and the continuity of paragraphs are now more effortlessly achieved. The result is a very powerful and cogent reading of Bruckner's most lyrical symphony. Jochum represents an inspired bridge between the two opposing schools of Bruckner conducting; there is the strength and clarity of structure of the monumentalists as well as the flexibility and lightness of the plasticists. It is in this performance with the Dresden Staatskapelle an overwhelming combination.

Barenboim's cycle has to date been less invaluable, though his sixth had many virtues. But the latest instalment is of Bruckner's rarely heard D minor symphony, the *Nullte*. It stands outside the numbered sequence and falls chronologically between the first and second, finished around 1869. Why Bruckner discarded it is hard to say; it is more adventurous than the later second, and more uneven (the first movement is by a long way the most successful), though the final version of the third has similar structural problems and bears traces of the same mould. Haitink included *Die Nullte* in his cycle, but Barenboim, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 319), offers the benefits of the most up-to-date recording and a vivid orchestral response. He is not as convincing as Haitink however; each movement requires the most careful attention to its structure, and Barenboim's head-on attacks generate a rather empty excitement, which works most successfully in the scherzo, much less so in the first and last movements. Solti's fifth, also with the Chicago Symphony (Decca D221D 2, two records), has many of the same shortcomings, though it does deal splendidly and ferociously with some of Bruckner's wildest climaxes. Solti in

Bruckner seems to me to be much the same curate's egg as he is in Wagner — gloriously exciting in brief passages, but fraying the nerves in longer stretches. Yet much of his Wagner comes off because his dramatic timing holds things together, while Bruckner needs more temperate handling, the fifth especially.

A reissue of a recording of Bruckner's sixth from 1964 (EMI SXLP 30448) was a marvellous surprise. I did not know Klemperer had recorded it, but his emerges as the most astonishingly successful account I know: a classic example of how to take risks in Bruckner and get away with them. The whole performance belies the caricature of Klemperer as a slow, stodgy conductor, a view that was perhaps fostered by some of his final concert performances. Here all his speeds are controversially fast, for the second movement adagio especially. It is not an exalted account, but suitably matter-of-fact in what is Bruckner at his most matter-of-fact; the finale is always the problem in the sixth and Klemperer gets to the hub of the problem immediately with an almost reckless tempo, not allowing the structure any opportunity to fall apart. In such a version the sixth seems the most concentrated picture of Bruckner, and perhaps the best starting point for anyone wanting to begin a collection of his symphonies.

ANYONE collecting all Mozart's symphonies also could profitably begin with the series of boxes coming from the Academy of Ancient Music. The third to be released is volume 5, dealing with the symphonies written in Salzburg between 1775 and 1783 (L'Oiseau-Lyre D171D4, four records). 'Symphonies' here carries a wider definition than a traditional view of Mozart might admit; throughout his career Mozart himself freely adapted other works — divertimentos and serenades, incidental music from operas — into symphonies to supplement his original output. All of these arrangements are to be included in the series. Thus the present volume contains, apart from the numbered symphonies 32 to 36, works assembled from the *Haffner* and *Posthorn* serenades as well as the opera *Il re pastore*.

The performances are given on period instruments or faithful copies, and the forces are balanced as nearly as possible to contemporary practice. Some may miss the succulence that modern performances give to Mozart and the dry objectivity is perhaps enhanced by the rather brusque treatment of slow movements. The Academy of Ancient Music divides conducting responsibilities between the concert master Jaap Schröder and the continuo player Christopher Hogwood, and sometimes it's as if passages fall between them, missing out on careful attention to matters of phrasing and nuance. But the lithe, clean playing and the parity

between wind and strings give the symphonies a very bright sound, and the attention to rhythmic pointing in a movement such as the first of the C major, *Linz*, symphony gives a very compelling character of its own. The advantages of this stylish, small-band Mozart could not be better shown off than by comparison with a new coupling of the G minor and *Jupiter* symphonies (nos 40 and 41) from Claudio Abbado and the London Symphony Orchestra (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 273).

It is not one of Abbado's more distinguished contributions to the gramophone: there is little sign of involvement in the playing, textures are thick and undifferentiated, and tempi generally sluggish — a very good example of the wrong way to play classical symphonies with a modern symphony orchestra.

IT LOOKS as though the group L'Estro Armonico, directed by Derek Solomons, has embarked on the far more daunting project of recording the Haydn symphonies on authentic instruments. The first volume (Saga HAYDN 1, three records) contains seven works written between 1758 and 1760, when Haydn was music director to Count Morzin in Vienna. They are all early essays and there are few exalted moments; if this is the beginning of a comprehensive series, it might have been politic to begin with more attractive works later in the canon. But the performances, neat and lightweight, are very lively, and promise well. The contrast between L'Estro Armonico and Colin Davis's Haydn with the Concertgebouw does not create quite the same clash of styles as the earlier Mozart comparison. Davis conducts two of the less familiar later symphonies, 86 in D and 98 in B flat (Philips 9500 678); they are civilised, well proportioned performances, always carefully scaled and resisting all temptations to make grandiose statements out of what are, even for such late works, intimate in demeanour.

A record of music by Gordon Crosse, released by his publisher Oxford University Press (OUP 203), contains three orchestral works, one of them his first symphony, played by the Scottish Chamber Orchestra conducted by Roderick Brydon. Crosse has been rather neglected by record companies and this is a useful anthology.

But the most extraordinary record of the current crop must wait until last. Most records from Carlos Kleiber are events, but Brahms's fourth symphony with the Vienna Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon 2532 003) is exceptional even by his standards. I did not think it was possible for anyone to make me listen to a Brahms symphony twice in succession — the platitudes pall long before that, usually by the end of the first side. But Kleiber turns the fourth into a quite awe-ful experience; emotional depths are plumbed that one could not have suspected, the outer movements are charged with an overwhelming intensity. The Vienna Philharmonic plays wonderfully; the digital recording is superb. If there is a better symphonic record this year I shall be surprised, and if there is a better conductor of the romantic repertory than Kleiber I do not know of him.

TELEVISION

William Boyd

Drama-docs

'I ALWAYS feel that what you're really trying to do is write a novel to be sung or played to music.' The unmistakable interviewing technique of B. Levin Esq. in *The Levin Interview* (BBC-2). This week he button-holed Anthony Burgess in what looked like the corner of a sumptuous hotel lounge. Although Levin had out-talked John Osborne the week before he had no success in stemming the tide of articulacy issuing from his latest guest. Perhaps it was sensing the advantage slipping from him that prompted Levin to come out with some real archive-material classics (viz. 'If man is not free, what is it that trammels him?') that would have left a less resilient interviewee in stunned, jaw-hanging silence. But Burgess is ideally suited to the talking-head format, possessing as he does not only the requisite ability to converse lucidly and coherently but also the valuable secondary essential of providing a diverting visual sideshow. Props on the night included studiously rumpled and mismatched clothes (shouting red and green checked tie, dark brown shirt and beetroot jacket) and small buckled cheroots which Burgess determinedly smoked, in true navy fashion, right down to his fingernails.

One of man's most reliable entrapping features is his persistent inhumanity to his fellows. The Play for Today *Psy-Warriors* (BBC-1) provided numerous instances. We saw a film clip of a man being terminated with extreme prejudice (shot in the head); we observed an actor undergoing stress-reduction training (trying not to be frightened); and witnessed another whose unreality stress factor was exceptionally high (he'd gone mad). The bland pseudo-technical jargon was impressively authentic, as were all the details of this dispiriting play. It was an account of the interrogation of three alleged terrorists, suspected of being involved in an abortive pub bombing in Aldershot. The suspects, two men and a woman, were systematically degraded and humiliated, in a series of tiled rooms or wire cages, by the techniques of sensory deprivation. They were stripped, hosed, screamed at, hooded, kept in impenetrable darkness for days or perpetually bathed in relentless arc lights. Every now and then varying types of interrogators (efficiently unconcerned psychiatrists) would abuse, hector, cajole or befriend them. One suspect, Stone (John Duttine, carving himself out a niche as the quintessential victim) related how he'd been blindfolded, taken up in a helicopter, informed he was going to be flung out, then duly ejected — only to find that the helicopter was hovering four feet above the ground. At this point he loudly demanded to be withdrawn from the experiment and we suddenly realised that the foregoing horrors had only been part of a severe training programme to test the mettle of selected volunteers.

This effectively brought the moral point of the play into the foreground, namely just how far are we justified in going in order to

preserve our freedoms, but left *Psy-Warriors* as a play some way behind. David Leland, the author, tried to work up some dramatic interest in the individuals' reactions and responses to the training, but the play's compulsion rested squarely on its documentary truths rather than its narrative ones. One felt that it was primarily trying to convey information of a hitherto classified or unknown sort rather than excite a sense of involvement or compassion for individual cases.

The moral dilemmas it posed are more topical than ever and redoubtably thorny. But it was a mistake to include the infamous sequence of the Saigon police chief blowing out the brains of a Viet Cong suspect. All the writhing, tormented acting was irretrievably diminished and devalued by the casualness of the pot-shot at a real victim's head, the genuine expression of confused surprise on his face, the inimitable way he thumped down on the ground, as if a chair had been snatched from under him. The real evil proved to be not only harrowingly banal, but dismayingly unhistrionic and matter-of-fact too.

AFTER THE psychiatrist as villain, the psychiatrist as good-guy. Or at least a chap with problems like you or me. This, so we're informed, is the road *Maybury* (BBC-2) will be taking in future issues: The amiable



Derrick O'Connor in *Psy-Warriors*

shrink in question is nice Dr Roebuck (Patrick Stewart). This week he was faced with the problem of a bright final-year girl student who was cracking up (scissoring text books, stripping off in the common room, being generally weepy and neurotic). There wasn't much therapy in this first episode as we were concentrating on the symptoms. Dr Roebuck's diagnosis, however, was made more difficult not only by a hostile patient but by two opposing critiques of psychiatry. On the one hand there were the complacent academic authorities — 'This is a university, not a kindergarten' — who implied that psychiatric treatment was no substitute for a strong dose of pragmatism, and on the other was the girl's boyfriend, bullishly aggressive, and so hepped up on Laingian conspiracy theories that he wouldn't even accept 'unhappy' as a reasonable, non-loaded evaluation of his girlfriend's state.

The acting was of a uniformly high standard (particularly Juliet Stevenson as the girl) and the university scenes were the most accurate I've yet witnessed. This is clearly 'responsible television' at its best: apt and

pertinent stories and fine acting coupled with a serious examination of mental health and its purported treatments. But Dr Roebuck is so riven with integrity that I suspect it'll be progressively hard to consider him as a warts-and-all portrayal or, more to the point, as a convincing representative of his profession. □

THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Escapology

Translations by BRIAN FRIEL *Hampstead*

One Rule by MUSTAPHA MATURA *Riverside*

Ezra by BERNARD KOPS *New Half Moon*

I Can Give You A Good Time by GILLY FRASER *Theatre Upstairs*

The finest Irish drama this century, by which I suppose I mean, the plays of Synge and the younger O'Casey, is constantly contrasting the tantalising, captivating dream with the brutish and punishing facts of everyday slum or village life. The main escape seemingly open to a Jack Boyle or a Christy Mahon is into their own not-inconsiderable imaginations; and the rescue-equipment that enables them to get safely into that sanctuary is what a character in *Translations* calls:

a rich language, full of the mythologies of fantasy and hope and self-deception — a syntax opulent with tomorrows. It is our response to mud cabins and a diet of potatoes; our own method of reply to . . . inevitabilities.

The speaker is actually head of a Donegal 'hedge school' in 1833, and a man of some insight; but his derelict appearance, his posturing manner, his addiction to vaguely facetious rhetoric, and (not least) his inability to resist the extra escape offered by alcohol, all mark him down as a symptom of the illness he purports to diagnose. Besides, isn't there something frivolous in continuing to teach an Irish-speaking peasantry Latin and Greek, as he does, when what they need to defend themselves against a ruthless colonial power and somehow survive the new Pax Romana is, obviously enough, English?

The particular merit of Brian Friel's play is that it asks many such questions and resists every glib answer. We ourselves are to gauge the importance of language to both the Irish and the English, both then and now; and the evidence offered is uncommonly ample. Here's an aged farmer, ecstatically succumbing to Homeric legend. Here's a dumb girl, painfully succeeding in enunciating her own name. Here are the English sappers, come to map the region and translate the ancient place-names into the King's English, an operation greeted with not-unnatural suspicion and resentment by locals who, however, have only the remotest understanding of local history. Here's the Irish collaborator, the linguistic quisling, a man who nevertheless *does* have a sense of history and seems genuinely keen to conserve the best of the old. Here are an English lieutenant and a peasant-girl, trying, like Mortimer and his Welsh wife in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, to communicate their

burgeoning love across the barriers of an absolute incomprehension. Here's the imperialist captain, delivering life-or-death threats to people whom, largely because of the way they speak, he regards as a bunch of expendable wogs. By the time we've reached an ending somewhat akin to that of O'Casey's *Paycock*, language has been tentatively defined as identity, survival, escape, vainglory, enrichment, impoverishment, oppression, understanding, amity, and I daresay a lot else too.

THE PLAY is so lively and interesting that it has, I see, already been dubbed a masterpiece and called the best since *The Plough and the Stars*, a claim my grudging, carping temperament obliges me to challenge, if only on the grounds that exaggerated praise could lead to disappointment and an unjust reaction against Mr Friel. It hasn't (what has?) the scope and depth of O'Casey; it doesn't (what does?) touch comparable extremes of hilarity and pain. The cross-cultural love-match seems hackneyed as an idea, however touching in practice, and there are other times, too, when we feel that Mr Friel is illustrating a relevant point rather than showing life as it was, is, or would be. Yet to say that *Translations* is sometimes too conscious of its intentions, and perhaps more indebted to what Coleridge called 'fancy' than what he recognises as authentic imagination, is not, repeat *not* to write off what's surely the most stimulating new play on offer in London and, thanks to Stephen Rea, Tony Doyle, a shabby-flamboyant Ian Bannen, and the rest of Donald McWhinnie's cast, also one of the most gripping. Up in cosy Hampstead it inevitably lacks the political-cum-cultural resonance celebrated by Timothy O'Grady when he reviewed its premiere in Derry for the *NS* last October; but it's very well worth seeing.

One Rule is a more obvious example of the triumph of purpose over plausibility, or, to put it more sympathetically, of the increasing sense of social responsibility of Mustapha Matura, whose glory and burden is to be our best black playwright. It confronts a group of aspiring reggae singers with a star who has not merely sold out to the gods of fame and wealth, but has evolved into a baleful megalomaniac with a fondness for displaying his economic and sexual power, especially over whites. The growing loopiness Gordon Case brings to the part gives a certain vim to what seems a somewhat predictable wrangle with the most streetwise of the visiting kids, played by Victor Romero; but three-quarters of the way through the evening he dies, presumably of conspicuous consumption, and life visibly trickles from the plot. I suppose I can't give away the denouement, in case you catch the Black Theatre Cooperative's production somewhere on its peregrinations through London. It makes some symbolic sense, especially if you believe in the power of song to reflect and communicate the justified rage of black Brixton: on a more literal level, it is as ridiculous as the kind of Jacobean drama that shows everyone accepting character x as character y, simply because he's wearing y's cap and gown.

Finally, two illustrations of how very difficult it is to reach into the mind of a man-monster, still more to come out with a sound

and convincing explanation of his conduct. Bernard Kops introduces old popular songs, the ghosts of Mussolini and Vivaldi, and several other non-realistic bits and pieces in his efforts to recreate the fragmenting consciousness of Pound after his capture by the Americans; Gilly Fraser makes an entirely naturalistic foray into the geography and psychology of Ripper-territory. Neither quite succeeds. *Ezra* turns out to be strongest, not when the protagonist is confusedly freaking in his cage-cell, but when Ian McDiarmid, who plays him with energy, inventiveness and courage, part-growls, part-rumbles, part-hawks out extracts from anti-semitic broadcasts he actually made. He sounds like a medium at a seance with a demon in his belly.

Good Time has documentary authenticity when Carol Hayman's Yorkshire prostitute is going about her professional business, but becomes first pat, then tendentious when it comes to her client, a knife-flourishing Will Knightley. He is a repository for all the ugliest male prejudices against women, and also quite a case-study, a psychotic who can achieve satisfaction only if a substitute mum scrubs him clean and gives birth to him. She came to life; he didn't. □

FILMS

John Coleman

For the worse

It's My Turn (AA) Columbia; Odeon, Marble Arch
The First Deadly Sin (AA) Ritz
Green Ice (AA) Leicester Square Theatre
Three Films by Theodor Angelopoulos
 ICA, 21 May-3 June

If at first you do succeed, then watch out for your back the next time round. That, at least, would seem to be the moral to be drawn from the critical reception accorded to Claudia Weill's second feature, as it happens civilised streets ahead of the other new films on this week's itinerary but still not very good. One of the most satisfying things about Weill's *Girlfriends* was the way she let it grow on the viewer, so that Melanie Mayron's snaggle-toothed, bush-haired, bespectacled Susan became intermittently and increasingly fascinating and even attractive. The trouble with the altogether smoother matter that is *It's My Turn* is that the longer it goes on the less one gives a damn about any of its well-heeled whimsies. Everyman's latest in wry, bright, vulnerable bachelor women, Jill Clayburgh is a maths prof in Chicago, sharing her pad with undemanding property developer Charles Grodin. On a trip to New York (job interview and beloved dad's re-marriage), she is smitten with bearded Michael Douglas, stepmother's son and ex-baseball star recently cuckolded by wife. The New York post is unexpectedly hers, but does she want it and grumpy Douglas? Does Douglas want her? What about old Grodin back in Chicago?

As a romantic comedy, with a script by Eleanor Bergstein, *It's My Turn* sets off with shrewd and funny promise. Pyrotech-

nic work at a classroom blackboard impressed the hell out of me though not one sneering student, who tells Clayburgh *he's* the genius. 'Then I'll be famous for having taught you,' she responds, sweeping graciously out of hearing, 'fuck-face.' Back at the flat, she and Grodin have an all-too-real exchange, rich in smouldering smiles, over a speech he is preparing. 'Elderly buildings?' she queries — he means housing for the old. And there is an elegantly played powder-room scene, when she and magnificent Beverly Garland as daddy's middle-aged bride-to-be gently fence, leaving Clayburgh without a qualm to stand on; the lady's a jewel. Then that mumbling, macho Mr Douglas starts sweeping kooky Jill off her feet with remarks like, 'Why are your clothes so dumb?', and romance takes a beating. A she-person of my acquaintance rather took to Douglas. I found him and his character an unswallowable pill. But, then, unless the sight of a row of paunchy, retired baseball greats (in a Yankee Stadium sequence) spells home run to you, there is really not much to engage the interest from then on. The Clayburgh mannerisms — one minute one of the boys, the next an aching girly-girl — go unchecked as the tale winds to a mindless, upbeat close.

AND NOW for the bad news. Brian Hutton's *The First Deadly Sin* starts ominously with a large illuminated street-sign crucifix at night, cutting to a wooden one in a hospital. Then bloody flesh gaping open under a surgeon's knife is visually contrasted with a nocturnal ice-pick pavement murder. That clodhopping directorial panache which has made Hutton so deeply insignificant a name in places where they talk cinema gets a thorough work-out in what follows. A very weary-looking Frank Sinatra plays a New York police officer, Delaney, with retirement looming and his wife Barbara (Faye Dunaway) dying after a kidney operation. No wonder Sinatra/Delaney looks weary. Nonetheless, he determines to track down the skull fracturer. Trying to identify the killing weapon, he naturally goes to the Metropolitan Museum in search of the curator of Arms and Armour. This kindly Mr Langley (a memorably awful performance by Martin Gabel) damn near breaks down at being wanted: 'I'm an aged arms expert going to waste. Use me!' Matching the deed to the plea, he does what Delaney in his sprightlier days might have done first: makes a tour of hardware and equipment stores. Delaney links this murder with a series of others and further recruits the wan Brenda Vaccaro, widow of a previous victim, to help him scotch the mystery man.

The reason for all this unorthodoxy is a nasty new precinct captain who doesn't want his men wasting time sleuthing after assassins. All the while, we are granted glimpses of the crewcut psychopath, moaning around a big grey-and-glassy apartment, and of Miss Dunaway dying by inches as Mr Sinatra reads her *morceaux choisis* from a totties' book, *Honey Bunch*. By now, you could hear an ice-pick drop. Suffice it to say that the work of Delaney's amateur researchers bears fruit and the pouch-faced old feller goes, with a gun, after his eerie prey. Nothing makes any sense whatsoever in their confrontation: for that, one is told,

it would be necessary to peruse the Lawrence Sanders novel here travestied. After a vigilante execution, Delaney hands in his badge and returns to a dim-lit hospital room to complete *Honey Bunch* over the wife's corpse. 'This had been the happiest adventure of her life,' croaks Sinatra and, given that Dunaway — with ten lines and two expressions — must have been lying there counting the money, the unworthy thought occurred that he wasn't just whistling Dixie.

Ernest Day's *Green Ice* has some very picturesque South American locations through which a chubby Ryan O'Neal, a chilly Anne Archer and, oh well, Omar Sharif move with becoming stoicism. The thriller plot is to do with Colombian emeralds and a vaunted thief-proof strongroom at the top of a skyscraper in Bogota. Probably the most hilarious scene in this lunatic enterprise has O'Neal and two buddies flying through the night skies under hot-air balloons to the fortissimo strains of one Maria Muldaur singing the 'Floating (Cloudhopper Theme)'. The whole film has the unfortunate look of advertising something, maybe Bad Taste. Its ways with downtrodden rebels and (implied) multiple rape are all its own.

Spread over a fortnight at the ICA are Theodor Angelopoulos's *Days of '36* (1972), *The Travelling Players* (1975) and *The Huntsmen* (1977). I can only recommend the second, but that wholeheartedly. Film-making of this order makes all the other lost, numbing hours in the dark just a price to pay. □

Weekend competition

No 2669 Set by G.L. Jessop

Those most munificent and perceptive of publishers, Messrs Routledge and Kegan Paul, have produced a gripping book called *Makers of Modern Culture* (reviewed by Frank Kermode on page 17). It costs £12.50 a time but the publishers have, wisely in my

view, donated a number of copies to the Complex for use as prizes. As Kermode points out, it is a huge cross-cultural project, covering figures as diverse as Elvis and Einstein, Hitler and Hitchcock. What you have to do is write an entry for someone who obviously isn't in the book (Bruce Forsyth, Barbara Cartland, Stan and Hilda Ogden — I'm sure you can think of plenty more), justifying their claim to be a maker of modern culture. Up to 150 words by 5 June.

No 2666 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Ladybird books for today's children.

Report

By Jeff Squiffy

I had feared that this would be a disappointment; but I was confounded: the entries were all spot-on. The Ladybird technique of simplification turns out to be a marvellous satirical device for highlighting the absurdities of certain institutions. *Proxime accesserunt* Lois Cameron, D. Toley, P.W.R. Foot and Gerard Benson; a tinner apiece for those below.

When a policeman catches a person doing something naughty he takes them away. Some people wait until no policeman is near before they do naughty things. If there were more policemen people would have to wait a long time to be bad. Because there are not enough brave people to be policemen, there is a special rule which lets policemen take away a person who looks as if he might be naughty later. This is called the 'sus' law. It is like your daddy giving you a smack to stop you before you are naughty. You might not like daddy for a few minutes but it helps to keep you good.

V. ERNEST COX

Why is the Queen the Queen?

Because her father was king.

Why?

Because his father was a king — and his father before him — and so on and so on.

But why was the first king of all king?

Because he was strong enough to make everyone do what he wanted.

So the Queen can make everyone do what she wants?

No — the Queen can't really make anyone do

what she wants.

Why bother to be Queen then?

To set her people a good example.

An example of what?

Being useful at doing useless things.

But why do them if they're useless?

Because this is England.

MOLLY FITTON

The most important person in our country today is called the Prime Minister. Over the years, there have been a lot of prime ministers, and they have all taken care of us.

At the moment, our Prime Minister is a lady called Margaret Thatcher. She is a very busy woman, looking after all our money and things like that, but she still likes to cook breakfast for her husband.

Another splendid but ordinary Prime Minister was Sir Harold Wilson. When he retired, he gave presents to all his friends.

BILL GREENWELL

If you stand doing nothing, a policeman may think you are going to do something naughty, and arrest you. If you were not going to do anything naughty and cannot think of anything naughty you might have done, do not worry, because the kind policeman will think of something for you and write it down so that you sign that you were going to do it. If they are nice enough to write things down for you, it is only polite to sign it. If you are rude enough to say 'No', the helpful policeman will smack you until you do. The policemen take more black boys than white boys along to sign these papers. This is because their sums tell them that more black boys than white boys go to police stations to sign papers saying they were going to do naughty things.

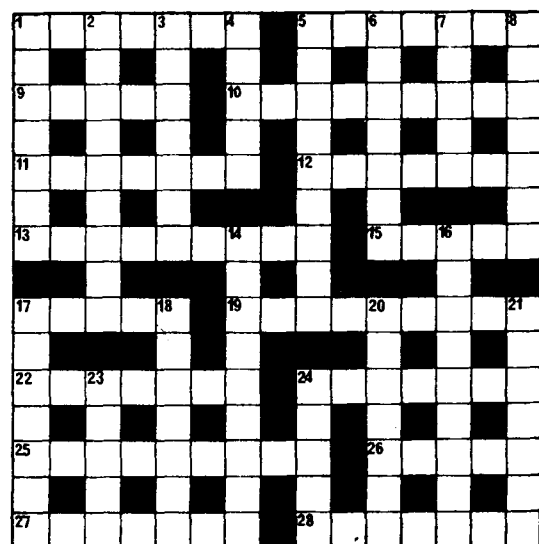
M. K. CHEESEMAN

Phone-tapping is listening to what other people say on the telephone to their friends and relations. It is usually wicked. Of course it is not wicked if you listen to robbers and spies because you know they have done horrid things and you only want to catch them or teach them to behave or show other people that they are horrid. It's not very wicked if you do it to rebels because they are quite nasty. It's very wicked to do it to rival business men because they help the country and it's very, very wicked to do it to princes and real ladies because everyone would be cross so you couldn't make much money. So you have to be careful.

PETER ALEXANDER

Weekend Crossword 1383

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1383, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 2 June.



ACROSS

- 1 Say something further about the mud being highly thought of (7)
- 5 Place for the transport of fish by vessel (3,4)
- 9 Meet in argument with a swelling but (5)
- 10 Parting wishes when vessel returns into dangerous waters (9)
- 11 Prosperity of a little man surrounded by articles of merchandise (7)
- 12 He flies but gives way in a height (7)
- 13 Rider gads about, but take no notice (9)
- 15 'Let such teach others who themselves —' (Pope) (5)
- 17 Young man from America detained in custody (5)
- 19 Boy holding a periodic payment for paternity (9)
- 22 One who sticks mostly turns harder (7)
- 24 Landed properties have the country at heart (7)
- 25 A regular figure lent grace if distorted (9)
- 26 Born king but dim (5)
- 27 Cloths which may be trussed (7)

- 28 Attacked when female learner was in command (7)

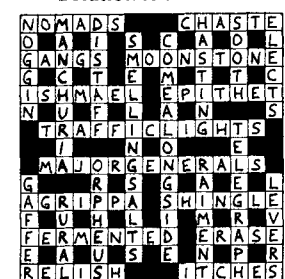
DOWN

- 1 Took a boat on a river and is pointed out in a picture (7)
- 2 Irregular small military bodies are pressed into service (9)
- 3 Listener holds vehicle up for unscrupulous competition (7)
- 4 The half dead enemy was a writer (5)
- 5 There is spice for a man in record breaking (9)
- 6 Produce a fresh account about western ceremony (7)
- 7 Give out the conclusion of the poll (5)
- 8 Bird used in darkest religious rites (7)
- 14 It is like father to tease us with delicacy (9)
- 16 House one could find easily if map were missing (9)
- 17 Saint without anger is carried in triumph (7)
- 18 A walk thrice run (7)
- 20 Distinguished but incompetent (7)

- 21 Made certain the eastern sun turns fiery (7)
- 23 Drudges discover first letter in high school (5)
- 24 After six these vessels would do for television addicts (5)

SET SQUARE

Solution to No 1381



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Relations, Politics and History - is the central
concern of our degree.

For further details contact: S. P. Riley,
Department of International Relations & Politics,
North Staffordshire Polytechnic, College Road,
Stoke on Trent, Staffs. ST4 2DE.



Exhibition

joe gayon
ABSTRACT
DRAWINGS
COLLAGES
paintings
AT
STUDIO in
THE mews 30
HYDE PARK GARDENS
mews LONDON W2 2NU
Tel: 723 5445 MON-SAT
10.00-5.30

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE GREEN. 226 3520. 'Melvin
and Howard' (AA) Progs: 3.50, 5.40, 7.30,
9.30.

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Meetings

SHIRLEY WILLIAMS
speaking on

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

7.30 p.m., Wednesday, 3 June
at Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place,
London WC1

organised by the Central London Fabian Society

All welcome. Free admission

Further details: Helen Price
Tel: 01-870 2233 (office hours)

UNITY THEATRE

Public
Meeting
to launch
the rebuilding of the

WORLD FAMOUS THEATRE OF THE LABOUR MOVEMENT

Speakers include:

Bill Owen, Alfie Bass,
Raymond Cross, Mary Henry

Thurs 28 May, 7.30 pm for 8 pm

Old Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3
(opp. Belsize Park tube)

Further dets 01-486 7743

FIGHTING UNEMPLOYMENT. Big Flame Public Meeting with Hilary Wainwright, Janice Marks and Andy Metcalfe. Friday 22 May 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London WC1.

FRANK WELLS on 'The Friendship of Shaw and Wells'. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Fri. 29 May, coffee 6.30 p.m.; Lecture 7 p.m. Joint meeting of Shaw Society and H. G. Wells Society.

GNOSIS-SUFISM. Visiting Naqshbandi Shaikh Abdullah Dougan will be holding a meeting in East Ginstead on 31 May. For details: Tel. 0342 312 423.

SURVIVAL or EXTINCTION? Public Meeting on the Threat of Nuclear War & the Arms Race. Film 'The Bomb'. Speaker: Prof. Michael Pentz. Chair: Lord Fenner Brockway. Fri. 29 May, 7.15 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Adm. free. Org. by N. London Branch Conservation Society.



TAKE THE TRAIN AND MARCH FOR THE FUTURE

- For a nuclear-free Europe
- Jobs not bombs
- Stop Trident
- No Cruise missiles

Saturday, 6 June & Sunday 7 June

SATURDAY Depart 11 a.m. from
Faslane — Helensburgh — Dumbarton — Clydebank
(Polaris base)

SUNDAY Depart 10.30 a.m.
from Clydebank — Glasgow (Rally and Festival)
Arrive 1.00 p.m.

For more information about the train to Scotland write to National CND: 11 Goodwin Street, London N4, or Tel: 01-263 4954/8546

There will be coaches from most areas. We will put you in touch with your Regional Organiser. Publicity materials are available.

For inquiries in Scotland write to:
420 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, or Tel: 041-332 3141

Shirley Williams and Dafydd Ellis Thomas
will debate

'WHAT OTHER WAYS TO A NEW KIND OF POLITICS'
on 2 June, 6-8 p.m. in the Tudor Room,
Caxton Hall, SW1.

Richard Holme, President of the Liberal Party,
will be in the chair

Admission £3.

Information and Reservations: Green Alliance,
60 Chandos Place, WC2.

01-836 0341

SOCIALIST CHALLENGE 200TH ISSUE FORUM

'Socialist Perspective For Europe'

Speakers:

Ernest Mandel

Ken Livingstone

(in a personal capacity)

Friday, 22 May 8 p.m.

Camden Centre, opp. St. Pancras Station

Doors open 6.30 p.m. with stalls and
displays.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE Sunday
lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries
06285 26464

THEOSOPHY. S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list,
programme. Sun. 24 May 8 p.m. Open Q/A
Meeting. 'Psychic Powers and Hazards'. ULT,
62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL

SOUTH KOREA — NO GLORIOUS FREEDOM

Amnesty International
Public Meeting

With Reg Race MP.

Alan Rusbridger (of The Guardian),

Peter Morgan, (President of NALGO)

7.30 p.m. at London School of Economics,

THURSDAY 28 MAY 1981

GAY RIGHTS AND THE LABOUR PARTY
National Conference for Lesbians and Gay
Men who want to work actively for Gay Rights
in the Labour Party. Crèche provided. Man-
chester Saturday 5 June, 10.45 a.m. Details
from David Mottram, 34 Elmin Way, Manches-
ter. Organised by Labour Campaign for Gay
Rights.

ICA EVENTS. The Mail, London SW1. 26 May
1.00 Lisa Alther, author of 'Kinflicks', dis-
cusses her new book 'Original Sin'. Tkts
£1.00; 28 May after-theatre (Love Bites) dis-
cussion on 'Lonely Hearts' columns' implica-
tions both moral and political — Adm free with
theatre ticket. ICA Day m'ship 40p. 930 3647.

THE PATH TO HUMAN FREEDOM. Free Public
Lecture — Joy Mills, International lecturer
USA. Sun. 24 May 7 pm Mahatma Gandhi Hall,
Indian YMCA, 41 Fitzroy Sq., London W1
(Warren St. Tube). Inquiries: Theosophical
Society, 01-935 9261.

15th Annual Plowden Conference

will be held at
**Bishop Grosseteste
College, Lincoln**
24-27 August 1981

The Conference is open to all with
an interest in Primary Education.
Full details from Conference
Secretary, Bishop Grosseteste Col-
lege, Lincoln LN1 3DY.

Tel: Lincoln (0522) 27347

EL SALVADOR EVENING

with Jose Armijo, Salvadorian folk
singer.

Speakers: Rev. Kenneth Slack, Christ-
ian Aid, Gillian Filonchowski, CIIR.

Friday 29 May 7.30 p.m.

£1.50 Westminster Cathedral Hall,

Ambrosden Avenue, Victoria, SW1.

Org. by El Salvador Committee for
Human Rights, 29 Gerrard House,
Briant Street, SE14.

CONFERENCE —

PROTECTION FOR WOMEN IN THE
MAGISTRATES COURTS

— THE NEW LAW

6 June Architectural Association,
36 Bedford Square, London WC1.

Details from: Rights of Women,
374 Grays Inn Road, London
WC1. Tel: 01-278 6349.

US AND UK FOREIGN POLICY towards Latin
America. Day School organised by the Chile
Solidarity Campaign Sat. 6 June 10 a.m. to 5
p.m. Caxton Hall, London SW1. Speakers, dis-
cussions, workshops. Registration £1
(unwaged 50p). CSC, 129 Seven Sisters
Road, London N7.

THE WAY OF YOGA (talks and meditation ses-
sions) at Kensington Library, Campden Hill
Road, W8, on Thursdays 28 May, 4 June, 18
June, 25 June, all at 7.30 p.m. Admission
Free. Come and meditate. Details from Shanti
Saan, 727 7846.

Peoples march

for jobs

500 men and women are mar-
ching for jobs and dignity to
London. Act now. Join them
at the final great

MARCH and RALLY Sunday May 31

12.00 midday in Hyde Park at
Speakers Corner, march to
Trafalgar Square

All are welcome. Book your own
transport or for further information
about coaches or trains contact:

Scotland: 041 429 4845	E. Midlands: 0703 550 657;
Wales: 0222 371 495	0604 42589
North-West	Southampton: 0703 37373
Manchester: 061 834 0979	Bristol: 0272 656081;
Liverpool: 061 308 4551	0272 299456
W. Midlands: 021 643 4151;	East Anglia: 0376 519624;
021 643 6221; 0203 27361;	0376 23783
021 553 6051	North-East: 0632 23050
	Yorkshire & Humberside: 0742 71323

Send or bring your petition sheets

Inserted by North West Region TUC, West Midlands TUC, South East Region TUC.